Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

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S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

A Soil-Study.

"Natural Strength" and "Condition."

The most superficial observer of natural objects, of the earth's surface and its products, is aware that some tracts of land are remarkable for their fertility and productiveness, yielding annually large crops of exhausting kinds with no artificial aid from the hand of man. The valley of the Nile, large portions of Southern Russia, and some sections of our own country are examples of this kind of soil. Such soil has a standard of fertility or productive power which is characteristic of certain localities—something that cannot be separated from it, belonging to its entire mass and dependent upon its original composition, texture and properties. It is a thing which lasts a long time, and may be said to possess no limit in the matter of duration. This characteristic has been denominated by Mr. J. B. Lawes, the English farm experimentor, its "natural strength," of which every soil is possessed to a greater or less extent. This gentleman has instituted many tests to determine the natural strength of certain kinds of soil, one of which is the following: A piece of heavy loam of no extraordinary fertility, upon his farm, has yielded an average annual produce per acre, without any manure at all, of sixteen bushels of wheat for twenty-six years; twenty bushels of barley for eighteen years, and nearly twenty-four hundred weight of hay for fourteen years. Another field which had been twenty-eight years in continuous cultivation under wheat, averaged the past season about sixteen bushels per acre—on one occasion it went up to twenty-three bushels, and on one it dropped down to five;—both these being due to certain atmospheric causes.

On the other hand, the poorest soil one can find has a certain amount of natural strength. This is true of wood land and of our poor neglected pastures—in both there is a low standard of inherent capacity, which, so long as the condition of the soil is unchanged, remains the same. All production of vegetable matter in the soil, says Prof. Johnson, of any kind, is the result of physical and chemical change, natural strength depends upon changes in the soil which act in a nearly invariable manner for long periods of time. This change, gradually and constantly at work levels mountains, forms soil of the ledges and boulders, and reduces their elements to a condition suitable to become the food of plants. This it does at certain uniform rates, and the native fertility of the soil is but the expression of this steady development of plant food. Such, in brief, is the definition Mr. Lawes gives of the "natural strength" of the soil.

The "condition" of soil, about which we hear farmers converse much, is another thing. We hear, frequently, the expression "this land is in poor condition," or, "when Mr. A. took this farm the soil was in poor condition, but he has brought it up." Condition, then, Mr. Lawes defines as artificial or accumulated strength—something that cannot be depended upon except as we can depend upon the continuance of the temporary causes of which it is a result. A soil of great natural fertility will produce good crops for years. It may by this continuous cropping become so exhausted that the crops raised are not remunerative; and even when this point is reached a skillful farmer will take the management of it, and by judicious cropping, the application of the right kind of fertilizers or a rotation of crops, will bring up its condition, and in a few years so change the appearance of the farm and the character of the crops that one would hardly believe it to be the same place. But there is a limit to "condition." Says Prof. Johnson: "You may take a poor, light soil, and make it productive by the application of manure and by careful tillage, but if you stop there, and undertake to work on that capital you will find that it deteriorates rapidly. You will have to come down to the natural strength, and if that be small, your crops will correspond."

The experiments of Mr. Lawes—to whom the farmers of the world owe so much for his patient labors and tests for their benefit—offer a further and more forcible illustration of what is meant by "condition" as applied to a soil. This gentleman took a portion of the land that had yielded sixteen bushels of wheat through a succession of years without the aid of manure; and applied to it annually fourteen tons of good manure to the acre, for nineteen years and obtained therefrom on an average, thirty-six bushels of wheat per acre—some years, owing to the season, the yield falling a little below this, and some years from the same cause rising a little above it. On another field of the same land he also raised thirty-six bushels of grain by the application of four hundred pounds of sulphate of ammonia. On still another field, the application of fourteen tons of stable manure, give a yield of forty-eight bushels of barley per acre for nineteen years. So the difference between sixteen and thirty-six bushels, or twenty bushels, was the crop produced from this field by the use of fourteen tons of stable manure in the one case, and four hundred pounds of ammoniacal salts in another case. It was these fertilizing substances which brought up the "condition" of this soil by the equivalent of twenty bushels of wheat.

Thus we obtain an understanding of the natural strength or fertility of the soil, which generally maintains its own standard, high or low, according to its inherent productiveness, and which we cannot easily bring below a certain limit—and also of an artificial or temporary state or "condition," which man can easily increase, and, by his own culpability, as easily exhaust.

"Treeless California."

The *Farmer* (San Francisco,) an exchange we always peruse with the result of invariably finding something new and entertaining in its columns—says California is the most treeless State in the Union; a statement that may sound strange to many who have read of its marvelous growths of timber. In comparing the per centage of woodland to the whole area, of the States, while others have from ten, fifteen, twenty-eight and fifty-two per cent. of woodland, California stands the least in the United States in the extent of woodland, having but *four* per cent. The *Farmer* says this startling fact should awaken the attention of public men, and laws should be passed for the preservation and increase of forests and woodlands. The coal beds of the State are not extensive, and the forests are so limited that ere the people are aware of it, the firewood and lumber will be exhausted.

A Corps of Young Experimentors.

At the recent meeting of the Board of Agriculture at Skowhegan, President Allen of the State College of Agriculture, introduced to the notice of the members, a plan proposed by the students of the College for forming a Society for the purpose of conducting experiments in agriculture. Few details were given, although the plan was talked over, informally, by the members, which resulted in the unanimous passage of a resolution giving hearty commendation to the proposition. It was a question among the students, and one upon which different views were expressed by the members of the Board, whether membership in the Society should be limited to the graduates of the College or embrace prominent agriculturists in the different counties in the State. Upon this, no direct expression was reached and the opinions given were individual and private. It seems to us that its membership should be limited to graduates of the College. They form a distinct class, are bound together by peculiar ties, will always keep within hailing distance of each other in their whole subsequent lives, and really have little sympathy with "old fogy farmers," so to speak, however prominent they may be. Besides there is the Board of Agriculture and County Agricultural Societies which offer ample field for all the effort and energy farmers wish to put forth in the way of making experiments. Again, men confirmed in their habits, and with little patience or skill, seldom have enthusiasm enough to enter into and carry out successfully an elaborate, and it may be intricate experiment—young men full of spirit and energy and vigor are just fitted for this work; and we believe they should be allowed to prosecute it without aid or interference from farmers, prominent or other, and reap themselves the honors and rewards.

The College will now send out each year, a class of thoroughly trained, enthusiastic young men, fresh and eager in the pursuit of their calling. A considerable proportion of these, it is safe to say, will enter the producing classes or engage in some of the practical pursuits of life. Belonging to such a Society as is proposed, they will feel an attachment and union one to another and to their *Alma Mater*, through this organization. Having each different tastes, they can each adopt and carry out some experiment in some one of the many departments of agricultural investigation—and the results of these experiments, published in the annual reports of the College, will be the means of contributing to a knowledge of, if not determining to a certainty some of the many disputed points of agricultural theory or agricultural practice. Not only this, but when a graduate of this College goes back to the farm to commence his life work, with an educated brain to direct willing hands, he forms a centre from which will go out into all the community around him an influence for good, for an improved, thoughtful mode of farming that shall reach way down the future, and be felt in all coming time. And it seems to us this Society should be limited strictly to the graduates of the State College, and that the farm of each graduate upon which some investigation in scientific agriculture is instituted, should be made a sort of experiment station, in communication with all the others, and through the published reports of the College, with the farmers of the State. By all means let the Society be formed, and let us all give to it whatever aid and encouragement we are able.

Perhaps it may not be out of place to say that the idea of forming such an Association originated with Mr. Geo. O. Weston of Madison, a graduate in the class of 1872, who has gone back to the farm, there to show the results of his practical and scientific training, and who has frequently contributed to our columns.

Honey as a Medicine and as Food.

The *American Bee Journal* publishes in full an entertaining and ingenious treatise on the value of honey as an article of food and its wonderful healing qualities as a medicine, translated from the German of Karl Gatter. This author gives a complete history of the use of honey as an article of food among the ancients; the reasons why it has gradually disappeared from its honored place on the table and in the medicine chest (among which is the fact that on the introduction of sugar, in order that honey might compete with it in the markets, it was adulterated in various ways that it might have a clearer appearance and greater consistency, hence its disuse); and how it can regain its sphere of usefulness. The author states that he was reduced very low from hemorrhage of the lungs, being obliged to give up his position of teacher, but by the constant use of honey he found complete restoration to health and strength, and "out of thankfulness" has written this treatise. "One pound of honey," says our enthusiastic author, "will reach farther than two pounds of butter, and has besides the advantage that it is far more healthy and pleasant-tasted, and always remains good, while butter soon becomes rancid and often produces camp in the stomach, crustations, sourness, yea, even vomiting and diarrhœa." In enumerating its medicinal qualities he says, "It molifies, causes gentle purging, divides and dissolves, warms, nourishes, stops pain, strengthens the tone of the stomach, carries away all superfluous moisture, aids digestion, thins and purifies the blood and animates and strengthens the heart, nerves and lungs. Honey is therefore to be used when suffering with a cough, hoarseness, stoppage of the lungs, shortness of breath, and especially with the best results in all affections of the chest." While our readers may not feel inclined to go as far as does this lusty German in doing honor to honey for its curative and edible qualities, yet they will find his treatise most entertaining reading, abounding as it does in a great many useful hints and facts concerning this agreeable native product, not generally known.

The Light Brahmas.

Will you or some of your subscribers give a full description of the Light Brahma; what is the color of the cock, and also of the hen? Is there any black on the bill of either? What is the color of the cape? How about feathers on legs and feet, &c., &c. Please answer the above, and confer a favor on a SUBSCRIBER.

NOTE. The cocks and hens of this variety of Brahmas are much alike in plumage, although the cock is frequently less marked than the hen. The plumage is entirely white save the tail and flight feathers—the last five feathers of the wing—which should be black; and the hackle (cape) which should be distinctly striped with black down the centre of each feather. Legs yellow, and well covered with white feathers which may or may not be very slightly mottled with black. The ear lobes, pure red. The cock should generally have a perfect pea-comb, although good birds with a single comb are occasionally found. We are not positive about the bill, but believe it is pure white.

The Press on the State Fair.

Having some time since replied in our columns to personal charges against us, as Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, made by papers in Bangor—which were without foundation in fact—we determined to have nothing more to say in the controversy; but the persistent efforts of Portland papers to injure the Society, coupled with their complete ignorance of the matter they are dealing with, demand a brief notice from a journal that has ever labored for the promotion and advancement of whatever can elevate and improve every branch of the agriculture of our State, and every Society laboring for this end, wherever located.

Some things cannot be got over. The press may denounce the management of the late State Fair at Bangor, as it pleases—the fact remains, nevertheless, that it was a success. We have the evidence in our possession—in the books of entry—that in all departments the fair was fully up to the exhibitions in Portland in 1868, or in Augusta in 1870. The hall exhibition suffered from being displayed in three different places. Had it been under one roof, as at Portland or Augusta, it would have ranked equal to either, except in the single line of fine arts at the Portland fair. In every other class the representation was fully up to any State Fair ever held in Maine. The bad weather kept the people away, hence its non-success financially. But we submit that this is not a just caused for the criticisms that have been made. The State Fair of 1857 and of 1859 were failures from the same cause; and in a careful examination of several files of public journals of those years we find no charges of incompetency and no expressions but those of sympathy. The fair of 1860 held in Portland, failed to pay expenses, and the action of certain Portland gentlemen who failed to meet their obligations, virtually threw the Society into bankruptcy. The records of the Society show some things in the transactions of that year that their people might not like to see made public. Or if made public, her papers would say they shew as much incompetency on the part of the Trustees then as now. Is not the fact that the Trustees have this year, individually raised the money—without assistance from any bank in Bangor or elsewhere—to pay the premiums in full and all liabilities, worthy any word of commendation from the public? Does this show incompetency? Does it not rather show a faith in the Society and in the farmers of the State that is most praiseworthy?

The Portland *Press*, in a late issue, labors through an entire column to show the incompetency of the "President of the Maine Board of Agriculture." Does it not know that the Board of Agriculture is one organization and the State Agricultural Society another; and that the former or its President have nothing whatever to do with the management of a State Fair? And when it says if certain reforms it points out cannot be put in force, let us "abolish the Society or at least withdraw from it the aid and sanction of the State"—does it not know that the Society is in receipt of no aid from the State whatever? And we submit to the intelligent farmers of the State and to the press generally, if a public journal cannot discriminate in these matters, but makes such blunders in statement as we have indicated, whether it is a safe or just critic upon this subject?

Influence of Seasons on Animals and Plants.

A writer in the November number of the *American Naturalist*—Prof. N. S. Shaler—in giving an account of the severe drouth of the two years preceding the winter of 1871–2, attempts to trace its influence upon the forest growth and also upon some of the animals of New England. Over the whole of New England the ground froze deep enough to involve the whole of the roots of the vegetation of our forests. It is doubtful whether it was the intensity of the cold alone which produced the ill effects on coniferous trees, but it is more likely that it was in large part due to the deficiency of sap in the plants in connection with the low temperature; as the frost left the roots, they remained for some time in contact with relatively dry earth. thus causing a shock too great for their vitality to withstand. The white cedar suffered most; the yellow and white pines, the firs, spruce and hemlocks, and in some regions the red cedar also suffering to a great extent. Generally, trees placed so as to receive the greatest amount of moisture have on the whole withstood the crisis best. Now what would have been the effect of carrying this accident of climate—so to speak—a little further? Small as the destruction of forest trees is, it is still sufficiently large to add several per cent. to the deciduous trees, and remove an equal number of conifers. The latter appear to be incompetent to wage a successful warfare with their younger and more elastic competitors, the oaks, beaches, and other deciduous trees. Every gap made in our forests of coniferous trees is filled from the other class of trees. Now had the severity of the last winter been sufficient to have destroyed the whole of our pines, the result would have been a complete change in the character of our forests—the oaks generally would have taken the vacant places. This would effect the character of the undergrowth very materially, and this would have had a very great effect upon insect life, and more or less directly influenced the number and character of the birds and animals. Snakes and toads are believed to be much less common the present year than before the severer winter of 1871–2. Even the climate would be in some degree influenced for a pine forest retains the snow better than one which loses its leaves in the winter and thus tends to secure a more equible temperature in the region where it lies. From this Prof. Shaler concludes that an accidental drouth might bring about a change in the assemblage of vital conditions on the surface of the land, as great as those which, when recorded it strata, are accepted as indicating distinct geological formations.

Maine State College.

Annual Catalogue for 1872-3.

We have received the catalogue of the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts for the collegiate year 1872–3, from the President of the Institution, Rev. Charles F. Allen. The total number of pupils in attendance is now seventy-one, the recent Freshman class numbering thirty-two. Tuition to students in the State is free, room rent is free, while board, washing and fuel are furnished at cost—thus it will be seen that the expenses are very moderate; the design of the College being to give to young men who desire it a thorough liberal and practical education at a very moderate cost, at the same time allowing them to defray a part of their expenses by their own labor. The second term commences February 6th.

Editorial Notes.

The potatoes forwarded by M. F. Hoxie, Dirigo, were duly received—for which he will please accept our thanks.

The Vermont Dairymen's Association—an organization comprising some of the most eminent dairy farmers in a State noted for its production of fine butter—has published two volumes of its transactions, which form large 8vo. pamphlets of 119 and 178 pages respectively. These contain essays and papers of great value on leading subjects of interest to butter and cheese-makers generally, from the pens of some of the best writers on dairy economy in the country—and will be found of great service to all dairy farmers. Copies of either volume can be had for 50 cts each by addressing the Secretary, O. S. Bliss, Esq., Georgia, Vt., and as there are but few copies for sale, we advise those of our readers wishing the same to send for them at once.

The following extract from a private letter received from a prominent farmer in Androscoggin county, under date of Nov. 4th, probably gives a fair statement of the condition of farming operations generally, this fall, throughout the State: "Farm work all behind on account of the wet weather. The most of my land is so wet that I cannot drive my team out of the cart road;—cannot even turn the cows into the field to eat off the abundant aftermath. It is no use to plow where the land will poach, and manure cannot be carted while the land is soft."

Mr. A. Stone of Sidney has left at our office a Blood Turnip beet weighing eleven pounds fourteen ounces. Beat up the man who can produce a beet beating this beet.

Mr. Clement Goodwin of Hartland raised the present season, one hundred and six bushels of wheat, weighing sixty-two pounds to the bushel from six bushels sowing, of the Lost Nation variety. Good for old Somerset! We can imagine how the eyes of our old friend Henry Poor of Brooklyn, L. I., will sparkle when he reads this. Let the reports come in from other sections.

The wheat crop of California is immense. Never before in the history of the State have the people seen such worlds of grain. Every means of transportation is burdened with it, and one thousand sail of vessels of a thousand tons each are advertised for to carry away the surplus wheat, at a freight of $22 per ton, against $10 per ton last year.

A Commendable Practice.

There are so many instances of dissatisfaction on the part of those who receive plants, trees, seeds, &c., from dealers abroad, and so much complaint against those who send out such stock—that an instance to the contrary, and one directly in opposition to the immediate advantage of the business firm, seems worthy of mention. A local agent in this State operating for a nursery firm out of Maine, sent an order to headquarters for stock of various kinds largely in the ornamental department—amounting to one hundred and thirty-six dollars. The order came back, with items stricken out and reduced to eighty-one dollars, with this endorsement: "The plants marked out are not sufficiently hardy for your locality and will not give satisfaction to the parties ordering, who are doubtless not acquainted with their habits—therefore we do not forward them." Such an instance of disinterestedness on the part of a business firm desirous of making as large sales as possible—for the truth of which we flan avouch—is certainly worthy of high commendation, and is as rare as it is honorable.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Cooking Food for Stock---No. 5.

When it becomes necessary to steam a "batch" of food, the fire is lighted under the boiler, and the men go to cutting feed. The cover is removed from the vat, and the cut feed, after being mixed with the meal or shorts used, and thoroughly wet, is trodden firmly into the vat. This is continued until the vat is full, when the cover is adjusted and the mass left to steam. The steam pipe enters the vat at the bottom, and the steam is kept up till the whole mass is cooked, and steam escapes from the top. This requires from two to three hours, according to the amount of food steamed. Different kinds of fodder—such as straw, corn-fodder, swale hay, and good hay, are usually mixed when steamed. The flavor of the good fodder pervades the whole mass; and all, coarse as well as fine, is softened and made palatable and nutritious. Cattle eat it with increased relish and all is consumed without waste. The day of my visit to Mr. Birnie's stables chanced to be the day devoted to steaming. On approaching the stables and before entering, that peculiar pungent aroma, so regaling to the appetite and so inviting to the smell, was plainly perceptible; and on entering, the stable was found filled with the fragrant odor. The same odor characterizes the feed after the process of steaming is completed, though three-fourths of it be made up of corn-fodder and straw and cheap hay. So completely are the qualities of the different kinds mingled, that all alike is greedily eaten, and no choice made. Mouldy and mow-burnt hay is rendered palatable, and all injurious effects from the long continued feeding of such, usually made apparent, are completely overcome by the steaming. Indeed it is one of the strong points made by those who have practiced it longest, that cheap or injured hay can be fed with greater economy, compared with good hay, when steamed, than if fed dry and whole.

The increased cost attending this process is a question which likely presents itself at this point, and quite likely has been in the minds of some from the first. And it is well to consider it carefully, for when taken in the hand and handled, it does not appear so frightful as when viewed at a distance. Two men will cut a half ton of hay by hand power in two hours, or will do it in half that time if the cutter is propelled by horse or steam power. Sprinkling, mixing meal and treading into the tank will take up another half hour. Just here the cost of *labor* ends. The fuel required for that amount of hay, is from thirty to forty pounds of coal, or its equivalent in wood—the coal costing fifteen or twenty cents, and the wood perhaps less, according to locality. The half ton of hay will feed twenty head of mature animals two days. The labor of giving the feed to the animals is less when steamed than it is when fed dry. While the process of steaming is going on, all the food for the pigs can be cooked, thus saving any consuption of fuel for that purpose alone. The actual cost, therefore, will be reduced to a very small figure per diem.

Another, and still more important consideration, is the health and thrift of the animals when fed in this manner. However much may be saved in the expense of keeping, if the general health of the animals is impaired, if the constitution is injured, if longevity is not promoted, the practice cannot be recommended, and never will extend. Realizing the importance of this when viewing stock under this treatment, I took special pains to ascertain their health by close examination and by searching inquiries of those who had the stock in charge. Special pains was taken to see and examine the young stock, the calves and yearlings, and note their appearance. In no case could any ill effects from the practice be detected. The Messrs. Wells, who, as before stated, have steamed for eleven years, have one of the finest looking herds it was ever my pleasure to examine. Over fifty head stood in their stalls, all in high condition, not one of which showed any sign of disease. Their eyes were bright, their coats sleek and glossy, their skin clean and soft to the touch. Some of the cows were quite old, and had been regular breeders every year. At Mr. Birnie's was a large number of young animals, some of which were in the yards taking their daily exercise. There could be no doubt to an observer that they were in perfect health and thrift. E. W. Stewart, in a communication published in *Hearth and Home*, says he has fairly tested the effect of cooked food on the health of horses, cattle and sheep, and he knows of no instance to give countenance to the idea that it is in any way injurious. He further says that he owns three horses which have been fed on cooked food for twelve winters. Their work has been mostly to draw loads to and from the city, fifteen miles distant. At eighteen years old they are able to do good work, and instead of having their stamina injured he believes that had they not been fed in the manner they have they would have long since been broken down. He has come to regard steamed food as a specific for colds and incipient heaves in horses.

This is reliable testimony, from a man who knows whereof he speaks; and when we consider what the change is which the food has gone through in the process of steaming, we shall not be led to doubt it. It is softened, is more easily digested, and more can be assimilated than when fed dry. Cooked hay is more laxative than in a dry state, and so is grass more laxative than after being dried; and yet grass is the nearest perfect of any cattle food we have. No cooking can render dry hay more succulent than grass is. I am, therefore, safe in the opinion that no fears need be entertained on this point, if among all those who have practised it longest no testimony can be found of any injurious effects.

"Honestly, now, *is steamed food for cattle practicable among common farmers?* Is it not rather a fancy operation, fit to be indulged in only by fancy farmers—retired business men, men of wealth, who may as well spend their money in this way as in any other notion which fancy may dictate?" These may be honest questions, honestly asked, or they may be intended as a sneer at what are sometimes termed "fancy farmers." Among those "fancy farmers," however, many of the best practices originate, and it is only by their example, by their influence, long and stoutly resised it may be, that we are lifted out of the deeply worn ruts in which we have been long driving, and started on the highway of progress. I take the question as honestly asked, and consider it in the same spirit.

When you take into consideration the advantages derived from the practice, when you consider the great saving made, when you figure up the cost attending it, what do you find to hinder a man of small means adopting it? The cost? This is not the case. It has been but a few years since the fact was accepted that the grass crop was to be cut by the mowing machine. Yet where is the man owning twenty acres of smooth mowing, whether incumbered by debt or not, that does not own a mowing machine? The fact is he cannot afford to do without it, rich or poor. Here is a machine—a steamer—costing less than the mower, and if it is as valuable to him and he can be made to see that it is, why cannot he possess it as well as the mower? The economical expenditure of a crop of hay is certainly of more importance than the economical securing of it; for what does a crop of hay avail, if it is not so disposed of that a profit over the cost of production is realized? Unpleasant as it may be, farmers are forced more and more every succeeding year to study the question of feeding stock, as the pastures decrease in productiveness, and the crop of hay grows "smaller by degrees" and alarmingly "less." Especially *will* it come to the farmers of Maine now that the system of associated darying is fairly inaugurated, and the farms are to be stocked with cows, and those cows are to be made to give a liberal flow of milk. The alphabet of feeding cows for milk is yet to be learned in this State. Occasionaly a man has studied his way through several letters only to realize that there is much more to learn.

It is hoped that while thought is being awakened upon feeding stock, while research is being made, the subject of steaming food may receive due attention; and that others may be induced by their own convictions to follow the pioneer example before alluded to. That there are to be broad strides of progress in agriculture I fully believe. That business on which all enterprise, all prosperity is based, is not to remain entirely stationary while other branches of industry are rapidly progressing. Compare the slow march of progress in agriculture with the rapid improvements now being made in manufactures. Fifteen years ago the steam engine was almost unknown in a shoe manufactory—to-day no extensive one is without it. The engine, as well as the schoolmaster, is abroad. Both are educators, and both are fulfilling their mission. The schoolmaster confers his blessings alike upon all—the farmer as well as the mechanic; and may we not have faith that steam has yet a mission for the farmer?

Z. A. G.

For the Maine Farmer.

Western Apple Trees.

I have been very much amused for the past year in reading the different articles in the FARMER in regard to western grown fruit trees; and as all give them a kick, it reminds me of the custom among the Arabs about Jerusalem, where every one in passing throws a stone at Absalom's tomb as a token of hatred toward that rebellious son. But let us look at the other side of this question and see what damage has really been done to the State of Maine by importing western grown trees.

About seventeen years ago one Jabez Rany sold and delivered a large lot of New York trees in this county. They did very well the first summer but the following winter was the most unfavorable for fruit trees ever known in this State. In some places nearly whole orchards were winter killed, consequently a large percentage of the New York trees were killed and naturally enough, for a tree that had been set the spring previous would be more likely to winter kill, than one that had become well established. I helped set twenty-five of the New York trees and on the same ground some native trees that were raised on the same farm, and I believe that as large a percentage of them died as of the New York trees, and many of the trees set at that time that have been taken care of have made a good growth and are hardy, thrifty trees and produce specimens of the Fall Pippin, Northern Spy, Spitzenburg, Hubbardston Nonesuch, Tolman Sweet, &c. that cannot be excelled in this State. Within a few years, thousands of trees and plants have been introduced into the State from Massachusetts and New York and there are hundreds of thrifty young orchards to show for it. But a few years ago hardly any of our people could be made to believe that we could grow a strawberry or a grape, but the enterprising nurserymen of those States have dropped their trees and plants at our very doors, and we now have fine specimens of fruit from the strawberry to the apple. Some of our wise sages tell us to plant the seed where we wish to have our orchard and cultivate until large enough and then graft in the limb, but life is short, and the Yankee don't like to wait for fruit from such trees. If a young man is going to set out an orchard, he wants to see some prospect of eating the fruit; besides a grafted or budded tree when set will be much the cheapest tree in the end, and a tree that is grafted or budded when yonng will generally produce better fruit than one grafted in the limbs. We are told to buy only trees grown here in Maine, when all of the nurseries in the State could not supply the demands of one county. Some are continually crying out "humbug" the western trees are all a "humbug," but some people are still determined to walk in the path trod by their ancestors in old pod-auger times. There is room in the State of Maine, to set millions of fruit trees yet. Fruit growing here is in its infancy, and I hope that the western nurserymen will continue to send trees here until we have a thousand where we now have one—for they have begun a good work, they have taught thousands of our citizens how to clip the bruised roots, cut the top and plant the tree and the vine, and their trees have embelished many a hillside, and their fruits gladened many a heart.

Monroe. W.

For the Maine Farmer.

Waldo County Farmers' Association.

Met at Monroe Village, Oct. 31st, President Jewett in the chair. The topic of "stock" was announced for discussion, C. H. Nealey, Monroe, opened the discussion. He has tried various breeds, but prefers the Short Horns. For all purposes of general farm stock no breed of neat cattle are superior, in his opinion. They are good workers, fair milkers, and good beef makers. Prefers Chester swine. They fatten early, are small boned and good, hearty feeders. For sheep, prefers Oxford Downs, of which he has a flock of pure bloods. They are good mutton sheep and good wool producers.

Winslow Arey, Hampden. Has handled all kinds of stock. For veal prefers Jersey calves, as he can get ten cents for Jersey veal when he gets only eight for other bloods. Prefers the Herefords for beef, and Jersey and Ayrshire for milk. Grades are often as good as full bloods for all purposes except breeding. Prefers Suffolk and Prince Albert hogs. Wants a small boned hog. Has had hogs that made twenty pounds of pork from every bushel of meal eaten, others go as low as six pounds to the bushel.

President Jewett. Has expelled Short Horns from his herd of cows, of which he has thirty-three. Has tried them to perfection; they make poor beef. Has tried Devons and expelled them. Is now trying Ayrshires, but believes he shall have to fall back upon natives, as he regards them the best. [What are "Natives?"—REPORTER.]

W. B. Ferguson, Dixmont. Suffolks are not satisfactory anime with him. Grade Prince Albert and Chester, prove well. The Prince Albert breed is fine boned, small and early maturing. Believes in Chesters—their pork is sweet, close grained and good. A neighbor's made eighteen pounds pork for each bushe. of meal fed to a Chester. They are hearty; eat anything almost. They want good feed and enough of it, and they are fat any time. The better feed the better pay.

Mark Stiles, Jackson. Bought one of Mr. Ferguson's pigs a year ago last July; kept him on boiled potatoes through winter, and on raw ones from then till apple time; then fed sweet apples. Has fed meal about six weeks, with his apples. He is fat and will weigh five hundred pounds. Is a Chester. Small breeds are generally apt to be dainty eaters.

Mr. Arey. Small breeds of hogs fatten early and sell for more per pound in the market, as the customers prefer small boned, thick meated hogs.

Freeman Atwood, Monroe. Feed hogs all they will eat, and believes in feeding well. Has had experience with large and small boned hogs and prefers the latter. A cross of the Prince Albert and Chester with him dress three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds at seven months old. Butchers prefer the small, snug made hog, for their customers call for such pork.

Mr. Ferguson. There is a vast difference in Chesters; some strains of the blood are not desirable. All that are called Chesters, are not Chesters.

C. H. Nealey. Chesters prove well with him. They will eat anything fit to be eaten, are small boned hogs, having a good deal of meat and little bone.

G. Hamlen, Brooks. Enquired concerning the Yorkshire breed.

Mr. Ferguson replied that from observation he was very favorably impressed with them. Some stock of this breed from the farm of W. W. Chenery, Belmont, Mass., have been brought into his vicinity. He considers them nearest the Chester of any other breed. They are thick, rounded, heavy hammed hogs, white, and thin bristled.

Mr. Atwood thinks they resemble the Suffolk most of any he knows.

Mr. Hamlen. The Yorkshire fills his eye. He has a pair of pigs eight weeks old which will weigh fifty pounds each. They are long, round, thick meated, small boned, with very few bristles; skin has a peculiarly silvery appearance, neat and clean: are easily dressed; are good feeders and make fine grained pork. Grow well on raw potatoes, and house waste in summer.

Afternoon.

Main topic taken up, "What shall the Farmer's of Waldo County do to be Saved, Agriculturally? Opened with an essay by the Secretary, J. W. Lang.

President Jewett. Said he wanted this matter fully discussed. It is very important. Shall we pursue mixed farming or devote our time to specialties? Which can we do best?

Mr. Hamlen. Thinks we must start something new. We have run the old machine of mixed husbandry long enough—too long in fact. It don't pay, and pay is what we are after. We must combine our wits to introduce specialties. It is for our good to have good stock brought among us. When we get good stock we must make it a specialty to keep it so. Our sheep are not what they ought to be. Has tried to introduce good blood, but his neighbor's scrub stock running at large soon overpowers it. He believes that good farming pays, but poor farming does not. Care and skill are necessary to success. Prefers New York trees to native—has tried them side by side—and taken equal care of both. That stock and that specialty which a man thinks is best, and loves the best, is the best for such a man. He will take care of it, and here is his secret of success. We must sell no more hay.

Daniel Jones, Brooks. How shall we improve our sheep?

Mr. Hamlen. Go where there is pure blood, any blood you prefer, and buy it at any price, then take care of it; breed it pure and from the best: feed well. Believes Merinoes would be found profitable with us.

Chas. H. Nealey. Has tried picked flocks of natives. They were paying but are not fully satisfactory. Is trying Oxford Downs and is satisfied with them. Believes in pure bloods, not in scrubs.

Mr. Atwood. Goes for those that sell best; and speed horses are just as good for works as others. We should raise horses that will sell; that are good for work and business.

Fred Atwood, Winterport. We should breed something that will sell. It is an easy matter to sell a good horse for a good price. It is absurd to go into breeding trotters as a whole, or as a larger part. Farmers should take charge of our fairs and exclude jockeys and nuisances.

L. Hussey, Brooks. Said the trotting at our State Fair attracted thousands. The fine stock and products, and implements only hundreds. In raising one fast horse we get thousands that are only ordinary. A common horse will go as fast as safe on our roads in the shape they are now in.

Mr. Arey recommends the Jersey and Ayrshire for milk breeds for us to keep, and believed grades were often as good as full-bloods for milk.

President Jewett furnishes milk for Belfast City, and his experience is against Durham and Devons as milkers. Prefers Natives. Has never tried Jerseys.

Levi Rich. Had a native cow that gave forty to forty-five pounds of milk per day. Prefers Herefords for oxen and beef but not for milkers.

C. H. Nealey. Then we have injured our stock by introducing other breeds than "Natives," have we not? Don't believe we want to fall back to scrub stock again; are near enough to it now. Thought well of the Dutch stock.

L. Hussey has found "natives" superior to "Durhams" for milk. Believes in feeding our native cows and breeding for improvement.

[Just what was done in England years ago to produce the breed he disdains.—REPORTER.]

Mr. Ritchie, Monroe. What are "natives" but a cross of several breeds? Natives are often good milkers. Prefers Herefords for beef.

Mr. Ritchie, Winterport. We are not all so situated that milk can be sold, so we must take that breed which has other good qualities. The Dutch is a good milk breed.

W. B. Ferguson said he had never found a good Durham milker, and the Devons were not satisfactory. Wants good milkers as milk pays anywhere.

Thanks are due to those farmers and citizens of Monroe who cheerfully rendered every aid possible to make the meeting pleasant and profitable, and for their hospitality, which are hereby returned. J. W. LANG, *Sec'y.*

For the Maine Farmer.

About Apples---Scions Wanted.

I have been much interested in reading in the columns of the FARMER this season—the topic of fruit raising, especially apples, being a hobby of mine, and of great advantage to me; but I am so isolated from the outside world that it is hard for me, with small means, to get such varieties as I want. I have an orchard of bearing trees and quite a nursery of trees I wish to graft next spring. I have trees from New York and New Brunswick, but not yet in bearing. Will not "M.", of Brunswick give me his address so that I can get some scions of the Hailey apple. Will not "Z. A. G." inform me through the columns of the FARMER, where I can get the sweet apple he mentions as superior to the Tolman Sweet. By so doing he will much oblige a dear lover of the apple. I should like to try the Rockwood apple if I knew where to obtain the scions. It is said to be very hardy and to take the place of the Baldwin where that variety does not thrive, as it will not in this locality.

Ox Bow, Oct. 21st. E. H. HAYDEN.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Bare-limbed Grooning, again.

I see from the report of the Fruit-growers' Convention held at Skowhegan, that this apple was called the Beefsteak or Garden apple which I think must be altogether a different variety from what we call the Bare or Naked-limbed Greening. The Beefsteak apple that I am acquainted with here is a striped apple while the Bare-limbed Greening is not. In my former article in saying that the late Dr. Simonton described what I thought to be this apple and says it is undoubtedly the "Newark Pippin;" it was printed New York Pippin which makes quite a difference, as that is a very different apple. In speaking of the Rev. T. D. Clements, it was printed I. D. Clements. Please correct these and oblige. If Mrs. S. G. W. Carvly, will give me her P. O. address or nearest express office, I will endeavor if practicable to send her specimens of what I call the Bare-limbed Greening. W.

Monroe.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Meteorological Observations.

An abstract of the Meteorological Observations taken at the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, for the month of October, 1872, by Prof. M. C. Fernald.

Latitude 44 deg. 53 min. North.
Longitude 68 deg. 38 min. West.
Altitude above the sea, 134 feet.

Mean temperature for the month.		45.75
Maximum temperature,		66.0
Minimum temperature,		23.0
Mean of warmest day,	(7th)	60.5
Mean of coldest day,	(28th)	35.5
Mean per centage of cloudiness,		.47
Amount of rain in gauge,		6.91 in.

Direction and force of winds:—N. W. & W., .23; S. W. & S., .34; S. E. & E., .12; N. E. & N., 31.

Mean height of barometer in inches,		29.838.
Maximum	" " "	30.423.
Minimum	" " "	29.279.
Mean force of vapor sufficient to sustain a column of mercury in height,		.254
Mean humidity of the atmosphere,		.80
Rainfall since May 1, 1872,		26.86 in.
" for corresponding months of 1871,		20.64 in.

The Weather during October.

A meteorological record of the weather, &c., for the month of October, 1872:

	Sunrise.	1 P. M.	Sunset.	Mean.	
Mean of month,	39	54	47½	47	
Maximum,	59	66	60	61	Oct. 7.
Minimum,	21	45	38	35	Oct. 29.

Eight days north and northeast wind during the month; three days east and southeast; ten days south and southeast; ten days west and northwest—prevailing wind southwest. Mean warmest day 7th, 61 degrees; mean coldest, 29th, 35 degrees; mean of October for eighteen years, 47 degrees; so the past October was just the average in eighteen years. Mean of October 1871, 49½ degrees; 1872, 47 degrees or 2½ degrees colder than last year. Every month warmer than the average, since May, until October, which was just the same. Month of the average temperature, with an abundance of rain. Morning of 5th, first frost; 12th and 13th, hard frost; 28th, 28th, 30th and 31st, ground frozen hard each morning.

Yours truly, J. F. BLAKE.
Winterport, Nov. 2d.

Turner Farmers' Club.

At the annual meeting of the East Turner Farmers' Club, held Nov. 4th, the following officers were chosen: President,

may your heart be filled with love and peace, and your presence be a joy to all who know you. Go to the woods for cones, wild flowers and ferns, and study Nature in the forest; go fishing with Ned; go with John to drive the cattle home. In winter go skating with both the boys. While you are sewing or crocheting in the evening, let one of the boys read to you. Play chess, backgammon or checkers with them. Have a croquet set on the lawn, where in summer, you, with your friends can enjoy that delightful game.

We think life in the country might be not only tolerable but delightful. Your house, not a plain, uncomfortable farm-house, but a perfect little gem of neatness, taste and comfort. Yourself, not an awkward country girl, but a refined, intelligent, noble woman, capable of shining in the most polished circles, and making any home happy.

If there is any class of men I honor, it is the Maine farmers.

A. B.

Boston, Mass.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Nov. 16, 1872.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. V. DARLING will visit Washington County in November.

Mr. C. S. AYER is now canvassing the county of Knox.

Mr. J. S. SMALL is now canvassing Northern Penobscot and Aroostook Counties.

Mr. A. D. FOSTER of Lakeville, Cornwallis, is now engaged in canvassing and collecting in Nova Scotia, as agent for the MAINE FARMER.

Notice to New Brunswick Subscribers

The publishers of the FARMER being unable this fall to send a traveling agent into New Brunswick, are compelled to rely upon such voluntary payments through the mail and to local agents, as our subscribers in the Province shall be desirous of making. We are urgently in want of money at this time, and trust all our subscribers who are in arrears will remember us in our needy condition. Local agents are especially requested to remit to us at once collections which they may have in their hands. Subscribers and agents where it is most convenient to them may remit in provincial currency.

The Boston Fire.

We believe that we cannot better serve our readers than to devote a considerable portion of our news columns to accounts of the terrible calamity which has befallen the city of Boston. The business of Maine, and especially that portion lying on and east of Kennebec river, is very closely connected with that of Boston, and the sympathies of thousands of our readers cannot fail of being deeply excited in the perusal of the thrilling details which we publish in this paper, and which were written by persons on the spot and who witnessed the scenes which they so graphically describe. We spent a portion of the week betore the fire in Boston, and frequently passed through the district which has since been desolated. The streets were then thronged with multitudes of people and the magnificent stores and shops were filled with elegant and costly merchandise. Shopkeepers and merchants displayed their wares to their customers, while the thoughtless crowd passed in and out and to and fro, little thinking that such a doom awaited all this array of wealth and grandeur. Now the scene presents a fearful exhibition of the destructive power of the fire king. Elegant granite and marble structures which were built to stand for ages, are now piles of broken and worthless rubbish, while the rich and costly fabrics and other goods with which they were filled are either burned to ashes or lay in heaps of charred and smouldering ruin. In the brief space of fifteen hours, property to the value of a hundred millions of dollars, and some estimates are much higher than this, was destroyed and forever placed beyond the reach of assessor or tax collector. How the fire caught has not yet been explained and practically it makes no difference. This knowledge could do nothing to restore the lost property. The fire department seems to have been somewhat tardy in reaching the scene when the fire first made its appearance, and this is accounted for in the bad condition of the horses.

The rapid spread of the fire is generally attributed, and probably justly, to the Mansard roof or the roof which bears the name of Mansard, though it is not the true one, with which most of the modern buildings in Boston and elsewhere, are now finished. No better means of communicating fire could be devised than these wooden roofs which have been appropriately called "lumber yards," when placed on buildings from four to six stories high. When once the fire reaches one of these, cinders, sparks and bits of blazing wood are scattered broadcast in every direction. The building where the fire originated was the large four story block which has recently been erected at the corner of Kingston and Summer streets, and was finished with a Mansard roof. This style of roof has for some time been complained of and now it will probably be prohibited unless made of iron or some other fire-proof material.

It is very fortunate that not many persons are turned out of doors by this fire, as there were but few tenement houses in all the burned district. Very many shop girls and clerks are thrown out of employment and some of them will need temporary assistance. It happens at an inclement season of the year when a long cold winter is close upon us and many of those thrown out of work will not find it again before another summer. Such must have aid to carry them through the winter, or great suffering will ensue. When Portland, Chicago and other cities have suffered from the ravages of fire, the liberality of Boston has challenged the admiration of us all. An excellent opportunity is now offered for us to pay our long standing debt by prompt and generous donations. When the dispensing board shall be organized and it shall be indicated what ought to be done, we trust that material aid will at once be furnished, even if, in consequence, we are obliged to economize at home. We shall be all the better off for it.

It is a matter of congratulation that such historical landmarks as the Old South Church, Faneuil Hall, &c., were not destroyed. The public libraries and buildings used for charitable purposes, the hotels and nearly all the churches are still standing unharmed. The greater portion of the buildings burned were not owned by the persons occupying them, but belonged to capitalists who are amply able to rebuild. The work of removing the rubbish preparatory to rebuilding will at once commence, and the recuperative energies of Boston will be found fully equal to the emergency. In rebuilding the burned district, probably the streets will be laid out broader and with greater regularity than they were before, which will very much improve its appearance, convenience and safety. In many instances, in the late conflagration, the burning building fell across the narrow street and the Mansard roof, all ablaze, was precipitated into a store on the opposite side.

The insurance of the burnt district was largely in Boston, and of this sum not much more than half will be paid. The insurance in companies outside of Boston was very widely distributed and the probabilities are that all will be able to meet their liabilities.

The losses to Maine, by the fire, will fall mostly on manufacturing corporations. Lewiston, Saco and Biddeford must lose quite heavily, as the Boston salesroom of every corporation was within the limits of the burnt district. Boston creditors in Maine should meet their bills promptly, for in setting up anew, every dollar will be needed.

Old "Satuit."

On a recent trip along the South Shore railway, we spent a night and part of a day at Scituate Harbor, a place of much historic interest. Scituate is one of the oldest towns in Massachusetts, having been settled as early as 1628. As is always the case in a new country, the first settlement in this town was commenced in the vicinity of the coast, and many old landmarks around the place attest its antiquity. The first settlers came from the county of Kent in England, and in 1633 a street was laid out and named "Kent Street," and is called by that name to this day. There is a small stream running through the village and falling into the harbor, which was called by the Indians, "Satuit." This gave name to the town, and it was so called till 1640, when the present orthorgraphy was adopted, and this is only a corruption of the old Indian name.

Many of the early settlers were engaged in commerce and in fishing, and for many years ship-building was carried on quite extensively at this port. Many a ship of considerable size has been sent out on its first voyage from this little port, to engage in foreign commerce, never to return. A still larger number were engaged in fishing, which was then very profitable all along the coast. This has gradually fallen off, until the herring fishery is the principal business of the place, and that is carried on only on a limited scale. By the expenditure of considerable money in dredging, the harbor could be greatly improved. As it now is, it is very difficult to get vessels up to the wharf, the channel being narrow and extremely crooked.

The principal business is done on a street which extends along the harbor, next to the wharves, and many of the business houses are old and dilapidated. Some of the signs on the stores bear the names of the early settlers, and are probably kept by their descendants. The village is very much exposed to the north-east winds, which come in from the ocean with great violence. During our visit the wind from this quarter blew almost a gale, very damaging to the place, in our estimation, as a place of residence. A number of aristocratic mansions face the street, opposite the stores, occupied by the descendants of Ensign Otis, who was a prominent merchant at the harbor many years ago.

Agriculture must have been discouraging business to the early settlers on this coast. The land was hard to subdue, and the almost numberless cobbles, now converted into walls and divide the fields into small closes, must have rendered the first plowing a difficult performance.

As originally laid out, Scituate was a large town. In 1727 Hanover was taken off and in 1849 South Scituate was incorporated as a separate township. About a century ago, or perhaps a little less, the tide of emigration to the "Eastward," as the District of Maine was then called, set in very strongly from Scituate, and many of the oldest interior towns in Maine were first settled by emigrants from Scituate, Marshfield, Pembroke, Duxbury and other Plymouth county towns. From Scituate came the Tildens, the Peebles, the Hatches, the Turners, the Farrars, the Birds, the Fosters, the Laphams, the Otises, the Cushings, the Briggs, the Thomases, the Clapps, the Bisbees and many others. The Cushings who have been noted Jurists and have occupied high places in the State and nation, came from Scituate. The eloquent Otis, whose clarion voice fired the American heart in the early days of the Revolutionary struggle, and several others of the same name, who have been conspicuous in American politics, originated in this old town. Thomas Clapp, born here in 1703, was afterwards President of Yale College, and was one of the most distinguished men of his time. Henry Dunster, President of Harvard College in 1640 was an early resident of Scituate. The Poet Woodworth, author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," was a native of Scituate, and the old well whose pure water furnished the inspiration for that beautiful song, now supplies the family of a distant relative of the poet, who lives about two miles from Scituate Harbor.

Emigrants to the "Eastward," from these old towns, always sailed from Scituate Harbor in packets which then plied between this place and ports in Maine. Those for Oxford and Androscoggin counties whose early settlers came largely from these towns, were landed at Yarmouth, from which place they traveled into the interior, either on foot or on horseback, guided by streams of water and blazed trees. So long and tedious was the journey which now occupies but a few hours, that many of those early settlers never again visited their native towns. If they could return, for a season, from that "Undiscovered Country," they would be astonished at the ease and dispatch with which their great grandsons perform the trip, whose hardships and dangers furnished the subjects for many thrilling stories, oft repeated in their old age.

Some of the early inhabitants of Scituate were men of wealth and position in the old country, but came here for more perfect religious freedom. Conspicuous among them were Timothy Hatherly and Nathaniel Tilden.—The first church was organized in 1634, with Rev. John Lothrop as pastor, Nathaniel Tilden as ruling elder and Edward Foster and Thomas Bisbee as deacons.

The old cemetery where repose the remains of the first settlers, has been very much neglected and many of the old monuments have been broken down and others become illegible. It seems a great pity that the soft slate headstones had not been replaced by something more durable, before the identity of the graves was lost. The importance of these things is rarely thought of in season. Even the last resting place of the warrior of the pilgrims, Miles Standish, to whose memory, the corner stone of a monument was recently laid with imposing ceremonies, on Captain's Hill, in Duxbury, is in doubt, and will probably remain so until the "earth and the sea shall give up their dead."

The railway which was built through Scituate last year, has given business a new impulse and very much enhanced the value of real estate. There are many beautiful sites for summer residences along the coast, and these are being rapidly taken up by the solid men of Boston. The road passes within three-fourths of a mile of the Harbor, and the time from Scituate to Boston is about an hour and a half. The "South Shore House" is the only hotel at the Harbor, and this depends mostly for its support on summer boarders. We have no pleasant recollections of its cuisine or other accommodations. We here met Dr. Francis Thomas, a son of Rev. Nehemiah Thomas, a former minister of Scituate, a very intelligent gentleman who gave us much valuable information concerning this interesting borough.

☞While holding the office of Register of Deeds in Cumberland County, Mr. Eben Leach prepared a copious index, not required by law, of the names of all parties connected with the transfer of real estate since the organization of the county, nicely arranged in alphabetical order. Since he has gone out of office, the county commissioners are negotiating for its purchase. His price is $5000. We know not what the actual cost of such an index is, but that it is of great value we can fully testify. A short time before Mr. Leach left the office, we had occasion to look up some matters in the Cumberland County Records, and by the aid of his index we obtained as much information in three hours as we could in as many days without it.

☞We have received from T. C. Evans, 106 Washington street, Boston, a copy of his Advertising Hand Book, elegantly printed, and containing a list of the most desirable Advertising Mediums in the United States, together with many valuable and practical suggestions to advertisers. Mr. Evans is a prompt and reliable business man, and thoroughly posted in relation to the best methods and mediums of advertising. We take pleasure in commending him to the patronage of the public.

CITY GOSSIP. The ministers of the law entered the shop of John Larrabee last week and found a bottle of the ardent which John and his wife tried hard to conceal or destroy but failed. The said bottle was made to testify in Court, and Larrabee was fined $50 and costs, from which he appealed.—The insurance companies represented at Mr. Farr's office in this city come forth safe and solvent from the Boston fire.—A horse attached to a sundown, both the property of Means & Butler, ran down Rhines Hill the other day, and badly demoralized the sundown, but not injuring himself.—DR. W. L. Thompson has lost a valuable horse after several days sickness of the prevailing disease.—The ladies of Augusta are getting up a nice silk banner to be presented to the Reform Club.—Coal is being delivered in this city with ox-teams.—Willard Wood, while playing with a pistol loaded with shot, got his hand over the muzzle when it discharged, lacerating and carrying away a part of the wrist joint and half of the hand. The wound was dressed by Drs. Hill, senior and junior, who inform us that it is doing well.—A Major General's salute was fired at the Arsenal Monday forenoon in honor of the late General Meade.—In the case of G. M. Delaney vs. Joseph Baker, which was on trial last week, in which the plaintiff seeks to get possession of $6000 which he gave to his wife during the war when he was engaged in the subs titute business, the jury failed to agree.—Warren Division of Gardiner will visit Franklin Division of this city, this (Thursday) evening.—The officers of Bethlehem Lodge were installed Wednesday evening, by Grand Master Gargill.—A new and elegant piano has been ordered for use in Granite Hall.—The recent rains have swollen the waters of the Kennebec almost to "spring freshet mark."—There is to be an entertainment by the Universalist Young Folks' Social Union, for the benefit of the Augusta Reform Club, at Granite Hall, on Friday evening, Nov. 22d, on which occasion the Temperance Drama entitled, "The Last Loaf," will be presented.

ALMOST A FIRE. Early Saturday evening Mr. Mark Harden, who lives in the vicinity, saw smoke and flame issuing from the roof near the west end of Stacy's new shoe factory. It seemed to be between the roofing boards and shingles, and when first discovered had broken out into a light flame. Harden gave the alarm and twenty or thirty persons were speedily on the spot, who succeeded in subduing the fire before the fire department were on the spot, though they displayed commendable zeal in their efforts to reach the scene of the fire. The alarm was general, and hundreds of persons hastened up Western Avenue to render assistance, if any was needed. There was a great feeling of relief when it was known that the fire was put out and no serious damage done. The building was evidently set on fire and circumstances seemed to point to a young man named Neal, whom Mr. Stacy had recently discharged from his employ, as the perpetrator. He was arrested and had a hearing before the municipal court, but was able to prove his innocence beyond a doubt and was discharged. We hope the real culprit may yet be found and be made to suffer to the fullest extent of the Statute.

☞The excitement with regard to the horse disease seems to be gradually subsiding, and in all places where the epidemic made its appearance three weeks ago and over, there is such decided improvement that business has again assumed its wonted activity. At the same time it seems to be extending into new localities in the interior of the State, and the probability is that no town will be entirely exempt. The same is true of other States. We have heard of but very few deaths, and in nearly every case which has come under our notice, the animals which have died, were continued in the harness when they should have been kept in their stalls. We still adhere to the opinion we expressed last week, that dosing with powerful medicines only proves injurious, and in this opinion we are sustained by the experience of the best horsemen in this community. After the animal has ceased coughing, and the discharge from the nostrils has somewhat abated, gentle exercise in pleasant weather will be rather beneficial than otherwise, but in no case should he be left uncovered, or even covered where he is exposed to chilling winds. In damp or rainy weather, he should be kept in the stable until he seems to be well, and even then, it will be some time before he can be used in dull weather with entire safety.

☞The Ellsworth *American* protests, and we think justly, against the action of the lawyers in several counties, in petitioning the Governor, for or against the appointment of persons to the office of Supreme Judge. The strong point is, that a Judge cannot feel perfectly independent, as he should, when he knows that his continuance in office depends upon the good will of certain lawyers who have cases for him to act upon. It contends that the Governor should be trusted "to determine when by reason of age, infirmity, or other cause any Judge ought to retire. He should do this without reference to the wishes of any friends or enemies, any present or future Judge may have."

☞Our city readers are reminded that the first lecture of the course is to be delivered at Granite Hall, Nov. 19th, by Rev. Henry Morgan of Boston. Subject, "Old Bonnets, and they that wear them." Admission 25 cents. Reserved seats 35 cents, Mr. Morgan comes well recommended as an eloquent and popular lecturer, and we hope he may have a full house.

☞The Kennebec County Sabbath School Convention met at Mr. Penney's Church, in Augusta, Tuesday afternoon. The attendance was good and the reports from different schools in the county, exhibited encouraging progress. Unusual press of matter prevents us from giving an extended notice. Interesting sessions were held on Wednesday, forenoon and afternoon.

☞W. S. Badger, Esq., one of the publishers of the FARMER, left with his wife, Monday, for New Orleans, where they propose to spend the winter months. He expects to return in April, to resume his place in the counting room of the FARMER office. They have the best wishes of their many friends, for a pleasant journey, and agreeable sojourn in the land of perpetual mild weather, and a safe return.

SKOWHEGAN LOSSES. Skowhegan parties lost considerable by the Boston fire. Messrs. Steward, Williams & Co., axe manufacturers, lose foom $20,000 to $25,000; Gen. R. B. Shepperd loses cotton to the value of $10,000, John Vosmus, wool to the value of $3000; John Ware, of Athens, loses from $5000 to $10,000 worth of leather. The whole was insured.

POULTRY EXHIBITION AT BANGOR. The Penobscot County Poultry Society—as will be seen by their schedule of prizes published in this number of the FARMER—announce their second exhibition to take place in City Hall, Bangor, Dec. 3d, 4th and 5th. Competition is open to the State, and we hope to see a goodly display of fine fowl at this fair.

☞A boy fifteen years old, son of Gilbert Leavitt of Oldtown, died Wednesday night from injuries received by being caught by a shaft in the Canal mill, and carried around at the rate of 350 times a minute.

☞Subscribers who desire to have their Post Office address changed, *must* inform us where their papers were previously sent. Otherwise we shall be unable to comply with their requests.

☞Owing to the general derangement of matters growing out of the great fire in Boston, we have no report of the cattle market this week.

☞Rev. B. H. Davis of Massachusetts will preach in the Winthrop street Universalist Church next Sunday.

COUNTY ITEMS. Pittston is to have a new shoe factory, located in the new building of the Ken. Land & Lumber Co.—A Gardiner physician has several patients who are suffering from a disease similar to the epizootic.—The only vehicle to be seen at the depot at Gardiner Thursday on the arrival of the afternoon train, was a wheelbarrow, and that was to convey the mail. —Mr. H. F. Wood, the popular pastor of the F. W. Baptist Church at West Waterville, was twice surprised recently—once by the Army of Cold Water Templars, and then by the people of his parish. In both cases the visitors left substantial tokens of regard with Mr. Wood.—Large quantities of pressed hay are being hauled to Gardiner, and forwarded by rail and vessel to the Boston market.—Geo. Fuller & Sons of Hallowell at their foundry cast a lathe bed one day last week, for the Messrs. McClench, that weighed twenty-three hundred pounds. This enterprising firm is doing a lively business and employ from twenty to twenty-five men the year round.—Mr. Ensign Weltz lost a horse Thursday by horse disease at Hallowell, and Mr. Daniel Bean has a valuable horse very sick, but he hopes to save it.—"The Hemlocks" of Gardiner have begun to make preparations for their Annual Ball, which will come off next Christmas evening.—The Free Baptist Society of Hallowell contemplate holding a fair soon for raising funds.—We understand that Mr. Geo. W. Dorr of Waterville, formerly of Augusta, is prostrated with hemorrhage of the lungs.—Mr. E. D. Williams, formerly of Waterville, met a violent death at Winona, Minnesota on the 30th of October. By the explosion of the gas works at the Huff House, in which he was a partner, he was blown through the roof of the ont-building in which they were located, and so badly mutilated that he gave no sign of life after he was carried in.—John F. Lamb of Clinton, senior partner of the firm of Lamb & Spearin, has sold his interest in the hardware store.—Rev. C. E. Springer of East Vassalboro', has so far recovered as to be able to resume his duties.

THE INTERNATIONAL HIGHWAY. The formal opening of that portion of the Intercolonial Railway between Amherst and Truro occurred Monday. This gives an all-rail line between Bangor and Halifax, and after that date a through express train will leave Halifax at 7 A. M., daily, and reach St. John in time to connect with the night express train for Bangor and Boston, and a through express train will leave St. John for Halifax at 8 A. M., daily, after connecting with the night train from Bangor. There will be a through freight daily with a passenger car attached. The Boston *Advertiser* has the following remarks on the completion of this important railway connection:

The completion of the railroad connecting Bangor with Halifax, announced last week, opens a new route of travel between this continent and Europe. The road is not yet ready for general travel, although the rails are laid and cars have passed over the whole line. The friends of the new line confidently predict that within five years the great rush of European travel will pass over it from New York and Boston to Halifax, there to take a steamer, on the arrival of the train, for Liverpool every day in the week. They base their expectations on the saving of ten or twelve hours' time, and on the greater safety and comfort which land travel affords. Our correspondent at Bangor writes that "a new line of steam-packets or 'ferry-boats' to run from Halifax to Liverpool is necessarily the work of a very near future, and the mass of European travel will seek its accommodations, thus avoiding, to a very great extent, the annoyance as well as the danger of the ocean. In a few days more the road will be publicly opened and travel invited."

THE NATIONAL ELECTION. Election returns have been received sufficient to indicate the result in each State. Returns from 397 cities, towns and plantations, received at the *Journal* office up to 4 P. M. Saturday, gave Grant 57,059, and Greely 26,626 votes; Grant's majority 30,434. The republicans seem to have carried thirty-one States and will have three hundred and four votes in the electoral college, while Grant's popular majorities are 750,000. The democrats have carried seven States and have elected sixty-two electors. Their popular majorities are 85,000.

The States carried by the republicans were: Arkansas, Alabama, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Nevada, Nebraska, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, Virginia, Wisconsin, West Virginia.

The States which went for Greely and Brown were, Georgia, Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, Tennessee, Texas and Louisiana.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. The first meeting of the corporators of the Maine Industrial School for Girls, was held at Portland on Tuesday, and the act of incorporation accepted. The revised list of by-laws was adopted. The following officers were elected: Hon. Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr., President; Hon. E. R. French, Secretary; Hon. Wm. Deering, Treasurer. Hon. John B. Neeley of Saco, one Mrs. C. A. L. Sampson, Bath, two years; Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., Lewiston, one year; Hon. J. S. Wheelwright, Bangor, two years; Mrs. James E. Fernald, Portland, one year; Mrs. Dr. Gilman, Portland, two years—the board of directors.

BIDDEFORD AT THE FIRE. The Biddeford firemen performed valiant service at the Boston fire. They manned a deserted steamer Sunday night, after the gas explosion, and worked with much efficiency in saving Jordan, Marsh & Co's. large building. As a slight token of the services rendered the Messrs. Jordan, Marsh & Co., the firemen, something like forty of them, were each presented by this firm with a pair of blankets.

NEW STEAMBOAT LINE. The *Whig* says the Grand Trunk Railway Company are making arrangements to run a freight steamer and four or five schooners from Portland to Bangor for the better accommodation of our merchants. Corn coming direct from Chicago via Portland, will go into vessels through the elevator and be delivered at our wharves in Kenduskeag stream without waste or expense of carting.

☞The Fourth Semi-annual prize exhibition will be held at Oak Grove Seminary in Vassalboro', on Friday the 22d inst. Sixteen speakers are in training to compete for the prizes. To defray the expenses of professional instruction, an admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged. Tickets must be obtained previous to the evening of the exhibition, as the capacity of the church is limited, and none will be sold at the doors.

MERRY'S MUSEUM has been united to the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston—a union of the two oldest of our youth's publications. Nathaniel Willis, father of N. P. Willis, first published the *Companion*, nearly fifty years ago—and, to-day, it is one of the sprightliest and most enterprising sheets in the country.

☞Saturday afternoon, about half-past one o'clock, an inmate of the station house in Portland, Perry Hasty by name, was found dead in his cell. A physician was immediately summoned, and on examining the body discovered that Perry had committed suicide by cramming a whole breadth of his shirt down his throat and suffocating himself.

JOHNSON'S CONDITION POWDERS are meeting with great success as a curative and preventive of the prevailing horse distemper. Sent, post paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of 40 cents per box, or six boxes for $2. Address Johnson Bros., Druggists, Augusta, Me. tf

A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION. For nearly half a century the *Youth's Companion* of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.

ANOTHER BRUTAL MURDER. A workman employed at the gas works, at Everett place in Cambridge, last week, discovered two barrels floating in the Charles river, and on towing them ashore and opening them, they were found to contain the body of a man, the head and trunk in one and the lower extremities in the other. After considerable delay the body was identified as that of Abijah Ellis, an unmarried man, who has lived in Boston for several years, and supposed to have property to the amount of $50,000 to $75,000. In the casks with the remains was a large quantity of shavings and horse manure. The shavings were of a character similar to those which are used in the manufacture of billiard tables, and the manure seemed to evidence that the crime was committed in a stable, and that the shavings had been procured for the purpose of bedding down the horses. Further search revealed the presence of a billiard pocket much out of repair, and a tattered piece of coarse brown wrapping paper, lettered in marking ink, "M. Schouler, Esq., 4049 Washington street." On making enquiries of Mr. Schouler it was learned that he had in his employ a teamester named Leavitt Alley, who had been in the habit of carting away the shavings from the establishment for use at his stable. The stable was visited by the officers and similar shavings found in the stall bedding. Alley, however, appeared very frank, and went with the officers to Cambridge to see if he could identify the barrels as having been taken from his stable.

Alley is now under close arrest for the murder. The points of evidence against him are: That between 8 and 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening, loud exclamations, indicating an altercation between two persons, were heard in Alley's stable; that early on Wednesday morning a team was seen passing from the neighborhood of the stable, loaded with two barrels lying on their sides, and that the team came back at a later hour without the barrels. Another point is established by a witness who recognized Alley at an early hour of the same morning, passing on his wagon on Charles from Beacon to Boylston streets, there being no barrels on the wagon then. Distinct spatterings of blood have been found at various parts of the stable on Hunneman street. A new axe, of which there is proof that Alley recently purchased and had about his premises cannot now be found, and Alley can give no explanation of its disappearance. A central fact in this aggregation of evidence is, that Alley was owing money to Ellis on account of a house purchased by Alley, and to be paid for to Ellis in installments, and that Alley was in arrears, while Ellis was a man who habitually and strenuously demanded prompt payment of money due him. Another point is that Alley paid one of his creditors $50 on Wednesday, showing that he was in funds, contrary to his usual condition financially. It is inferred that money was obtained from the pocket of the murdered man. The place where the barrels were dropped into the river from the milldam is also ascertained, as is thought, the evidence being that some shavings similar to those in the barrels have been found on the sidewalk of the milldam, near the flood-gates. Chemical analysis of the supposed blood stains found upon the objects in the stable, and also upon Alley's clothing has been made and it is declared to be human blood. The latter he does not deny to be blood stains. The inside of his overcoat and vest are smeared with blood, which, however, Alley explains by saying that it was caused by a wound received while at at work. The inquest at Cambridge continues with closed doors.

A PUZZLED INDIAN. The following good story is told of one of the Penobscot tribe of Indians: Returning home from a trip by way of the Piscataquis Railroad, he entered one of the covered bridges near Orson Island just as one of the up trains entered the other end of the same bridge. Looking up he saw the locomotive, stopped an instant and exclaimed, "Ugh! no chance for two Indians here!" Then waiting a moment he added, "Spose'm I turn out!" and seeing no other chance of exit, he dropped like a plummet between the floor timbers of the bridge into the water, twelve feet below, and swam for the shore twenty rods distant, where he told the story to a very appreciative audience.

FATAL ACCIDENT. A fatal accident occurred in Wilton, Saturday. Two brothers by the name of Lawrence were gunning, and as is the custom they separated, naming a certain point at which to meet. A moment afterward one of them heard the report of the other's gun, and called to him, asking him what he had shot. Not receiving an answer he followed in the direction of the sound, when in a few moments he was horrified on finding the dead body of his brother. By some means the gun had been discharged and the whole charge passed directly through his neck, tearing it in a shocking manner. He was 21 years of age.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT. Mrs. Mary A. Hobbs, wife of James Hobbs, baggage master on the Eastern railroad, of South Berwick, met with a very severe accident while getting off the train at that station Wednesday evening of last week which resulted in her death Thursday afternoon. It seems the train ran some distance by the station before stopping, and as Mrs. Hobbs was stepping from the train it started to back up and threw her to the ground with her right arm across the rail and it was completely severed from her body.

☞Hartland is one of the thriftiest business villages in Maine. A. Linn, manufacturer of shawls, &c., employs eighty hands; C. Shaw & Son, manufacturers of sole leather, employ fifteen hands; J. Page & Son, manufacturers of upper leather, nine men; Hunt & Cook, manufacturer of spools, eight men; J. W. & A. J. Moore, manufacturer of turniture, lumber &c., four men. The stores are doing good business.

THE DOCTOR QUESTION. Commissioner Baker, of the pension bureau at Washington appointed Drs. William McCullum, N. W. Leighton and Albert E. Summer, the examining board of applicants for pensioners in Brooklyn, New York. The first two members of the board are allopathists, while the third belongs to the rival school; and the appointments end and decide a severe and protracted controversy among the medical profession in Brooklyn.

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER. Harriet Manuel, an unmarried female, placed her babe in a culvert to die in Hallowell, Monday. She had previously endeavored to leave it at the depot at Brunswick. Conductor Bodge warned the Hallowell police to look after her, and she was therefore watched. The child was at once taken care of, and the unnatural mother, who appears to be of feeble mind, has been arrested.

THE OPEN COMMUNION QUESTION. At the weekly conference of Baptist ministers of Boston and vicinity on Monday, the question of close communion was discussed, and the subject finally referred to a special committee to report at the next meeting. At the close of the conference the following was adopted:—*Resolved*, That in any action we have taken today, we disfavor open communion.

MEAN THIEVES. The Chronicle alludes to some singular depredations recently committed in Farmington and vicinity of late. At one place 22 bushels of common apples, not worth over $2, were taken, and at another a widow was robbed of $5 in cash, and a half bushel of meal, and to effect this latter enterprising transaction, it took two men, one of whom kept the old lady quiet, while the other ransacked the house.

A BRILLIANT SCHEME, It is stated that the next Legislature will be petitioned to make membership of secret organizations a challengeable disqualification for sitting on juries. It would seem that it is about time that sensible people had outgrown this sentiment, particularly when these societies embrace so intelligent and conscientious a part of our citizens.

FIRE IN PARKMAN. Abiathar Briggs of Parkman, lost his two barns and out-buildings by fire, on Sunday last. The origin of the fire is a mystery. About forty tons of hay and 200 bushels of grain were consumed. Loss $1500. Partially insured in the "Bangor Union."

☞On Wednesday, L. H. Averill, station agent at Lincoln Centre of the European & North American railroad, slipped while getting upon a locomotive, and the tender passed over his left arm, severing it from the body.

Items of Maine News.

One Auburn shoe manufacturer sells his goods in 24 States.

A Newry goose cost E. Ryerson $20 because he stole it.

Mark Steward is the heaviest tax payer in Anson—$299,85.

At the Agricultural College 4½ inches of rain fell the first eight days of November.

Eight farms in the southeast part of Thorndike produced 500 bushels of wheat this season.

The Penobscot rose 2½ feet Friday and was still rising at the rate of two inches an hour on Saturday says the Whig.

Michael Conley of Orono, died instantly while sitting in his chair, Friday. His age was 75.

The Brunswick Telegraph says that the oil manufactured by the Portland Kerosene Works is the best in the market.

Jerry White fell from the railroad bridge at Salmon Falls last week, a distance of thirty feet, striking on a ledge, killing him instantly.

The Lewiston Journal says a gentleman in that city is to publish this winter a Young People's History of Maine for Schools and the home circles.

The Democrat says that Capt. Jere. Howe of Sumner, a well-known citizen and one of the oldest settlers, dropped dead on Sunday last, while conversing with a neighbor.

The Good Templars of Oxford county will hold their monthly public temperance meeting at Buckfield, on Wednesday the 20th inst. at 2 p. m.

Fevers, influenza and canker rash prevail on Cranberry Isles. As there are but ten horses there the epizootic will not have an extensive run.

Dr. Fulton of Ellsworth, found two men in his stable the other night who were in the act of stealing his horse. A new phase of the epizootic.

H. Linn of Hartland, turns out aoout 1,200 shawls and scarfs per week. He employs 87 operatives. His goods received the grand gold medal at the State fair.

Fifty pigeons one at a time, were let loose in Lewiston on Thursday, to be killed and maimed by a half dozen brutes with fire arms. Gambling was at the bottom of the cruelty.

Oxford County must be entering upon an era of unusual prosperity. New school houses, spool factories, mills, and other enterprises are reported in several towns.

Thomas Hill of West Gouldsboro' born in 1775, travelled home, after voting a distance of between three and four miles.

At an enthusiastic town meeting held in Norway, Saturday, the motion of Gen. Beal to aid in building a shoe factory to the amount of $10,000 passed with but one dissenting vote.

Thursday, E. M. Robinson of St. John, called the police to help him find his money at a Bangor boarding house, where he had just arrived. The policeman found $270 under the carpet and that made him happy.

Mr. Orrin Haskell of East Livermore, went to his barn last Friday, and returning fell dead in the shed. He was 76 years of age, and an esteemed member of the Methodist church.

The Messrs. Lawrence of Somerset Mills, are building a large lumber mill in place of that burned at Somerset Mills. It is 60x120 feet and is well under way.

The Journal says that G. C. Eastman of Auburn, has two horses that have been constantly worked and have shown no signs of disease. His prevention is smearing their noses and the cribs where they eat with sulpher and tar.

The shoe business in Auburn continues active. The shipments for the week ending Nov. 6th, have been 1317 cases to 1325 cases for the preceding week. The receipts of leather have been 55,550 lbs to 48,816 lbs for the previous week.

Bates College at Lewiston, has 150 students classified as follows:—19 Seniors, 20 Juniors, 18 Sophomores and 30 Freshmen. In the Theological school 19—4 Seniors, 8 Middle Class and 7 Juniors.

The North Star is agitating the question of the division of Aroostook county or of making Lyndon a half shire town. P. C. Keegan called the Burbon Prince now elected to the Legislature for the fourth term, advocates division in a letter written in French.

The American says that Edward W. Jones of Sullivan, fifteen years old, on Sunday last was passing a loaded pistol to one of his playmates, when the same was accidentally discharged and the ball entered his body near the centre of his stomach. He died in a few hours.

The Whig says a Bangor young lady wheeled an Ottoman stand half a mile from the factory where she had ordered it to her home. The proprietor said he would give it to her on that condition and she accepted the challenge.

The Biddeford Journal says that Hon. John M. Goodwin will put in this fall the foundation for a block of first-class stores, on Main street, next above Dr. Warren's block. The building is to be 128x50.

Capt. A. F. Noyes of Norway has sold his farm at the Centre to Merrill J. Rowe of Woodstock, for $3,000, and has bought the neat and pleasantly located stand on Deering Street, in the village, of Will. Woodbury, for $2,300.

The Times says that City Marshal Tarbox of Biddeford, by a mistake, took a spoonful of white vitrol instead of epsom salts, and by the strenuous efforts of two physicians the effects of the poison were neutralized.

Henry Lord, Esq., has been appointed Shipping Commissioner for Bangor, under the act of June 7th 1872.

The heavy rains of Thursday, caused quite a freshet at Bangor, and the high wind toppled over the front wall of Schwartz Block, lately burned. Nobody hurt.

A correspondent of the Daily Press writes: Mrs. Cassie Locke, wife of Mr. Charles Locke of Lovell, died on Sunday evening of the typhoid and lung fever. Mr. Locke is of the firm of Nutter, Locke & Co., mill owners at Lovell.

Deane & Berry of Rockland, sent a four-horse coach load of passengers from that city to Stockton, on Saturday. One of these horses dropped dead in the harness on arriving there, and on the return another was taken sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Glidden of Freedom, are not a loving couple. In a little unpleasantness recently Mr. G. cut his wife's hand while attempting to razor her throat. Others say that this amiable spouse was attempting to kill him.

At McAdam Junction during the month of October, there was reported for export into Maine, 1,754 sheep, while the value of these, with cattle and horses exported, was some $5,500 in gold. A year ago cattle were bought in this State and brought into the Provinces by rail.

The Bangor Whig says the storm of Thursday was unusually violent, causing quite a washout on the E. & N. A. railway near Basin Mills. The train from St. John passed over except the Pullman, which broke the rail and tore up ten feet of tracks giving the passengers a good shake and breaking the stoves.

At Deer Isle on Monday, the 28th ult., a small trading vessel of 30 tons burthen, Josiah Leach of Rockland, master, and lying at Green's Landing, was shattered by explosion of fifteen pounds of powder. So great was the concussion that the vessel was split from stem to stern. Capt. Leach was severely if not fatally injured, and two others on board at the time, Robert Merchant and a young man by the name of Childs, were also stunned and bruised.

The Council of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars met at Brunswick Nov. 8th, and the resignation of Rev. David Boyd, G. W. C. T., was received. Judge O. G. Hall assumed the office left vacant, and Joshua Nye was elected G. W. Councillor to fill the position left vacant by Judge Hall's promotion. H. M. Bryant of Lewiston and Francis Murph

The Great Conflagration.

From the Boston dailies we glean the following graphic accounts of the terrible conflagration which commenced in the heart of the city of Boston, on Saturday night, and raged with unabated fury for fifteen hours:

Boston has sustained the greatest calamity recorded in her history. Eighty odd acres of territory, nine-tenths of which was occupied by the finest palaces of trade in this city, have been swept by fire. The section of the city which contained all the edifices which were regarded with pride by every business man, and which combined the modern commercial appliances with architectural beauty, are a mass of ruins. Summer street and Franklin street, the locate of the largest dry goods firms in the city, Pearl street and High street, the head quarters of the leather, boot and shoe trade, Washington street, from Summer to Milk street, and also Milk street, Congress street, where the large wool houses are located, these and others enumerated below may be seen only in sad outline of half burnt facades and skeleton sidewalks. The wealthiest portion of Boston exists no longer, and since Saturday night at half-past seven it is estimated by the city assessors that property, real and personal, to the amount of between one and two hundred million dollars has been destroyed. Fortunately this heavy blow has not caused so large an amount of personal suffering as the great fire at Chicago, as there were but comparatively few habitations destroyed in Boston. In the vicinity of Fort Hill and to the south there were some tenements, and many families were driven out to find such shelter as they could among the mass of goods which accumulated upon the unimproved portion of Fort Hill.

The prospective extent of the fire was at once almost foretold by those who witnessed the angry flames as they plunged from wooden cornice to Mansard windows and ran along the tarred roof of the five and six story buildings, defying the efforts of the firemen to conquer or subdue. Nearly all the buildings destroyed were first ignited on the roof and burnt downward, the roof falling in, and floor after floor crumbling as the rafters gave way, thus intensifying the material into one vast combustible mass.

The light of the fire was seen at a distance of a hundred miles, and it cast over the surrounding country a glare which seemed like the lurid light of a burning cauldron. The church steeples, and especially the dome of the State House, stood out in brilliant magnificence, while every street which centered upon the vast conflagration was radiant with the light of the great fire. The firemen worked like giants, and we regret that report states that several of these brave fellows perished in their attempts to battle the flames.

The first alarm was given at a quarter past seven o'clock, and a second, third and fourth followed as quickly as possible. The fire caught first in the engine room and ran up the elevator with terrible rapidity, so that the flames were first discerned bursting from the windows in the Mansard roof of the large four-story new granite building at the corner of Kingston and Summer streets. The fire ran from window to window with frightful rapidity. In ten minutes flames were bursting from every opening in the roof, and ten minutes more volumes and waves of flames were rolling out from every window in the third story with such terrible force that the fate of the building was decided. Yet there was not a spark in the air as yet nor a suspicion of a breeze, not even the smallest bit of flame had appeared on any other building. Nevertheless it was evident even then that there was no hope of saving the buildings because the fire was up above the reach of the firemen. No stream of any magnitude can be carried above the fifth story by an ordinary engine, except under the most favorable circumstances. Every hydrant in the vicinity had been called into active service, and the pressure correspondingly diminished. Then too the hot flame and the rarified air made a breeze which warded off the best directed streams. So it was that the fire ran briskly round the cornices and playfully skipped from one window to another entirely undisturbed and regardless of the streams which all but reached them.

About eight o'clock, soon after the first store was completely enveloped in flames, the heated window casings of the opposite store on Summer street, Nos. 65, 68, 70 and 72 of precisely the same construction, gave way and the little flames began running along from one window sill to another. It went round the corner almost like a flash, but was stayed a little when it reached the corner of the building on Otis street.

The march of the fire began with a determination which boded fearful results, starting at the easterly corner of Summer and Kingston streets the fire crossed Kingston street to the westerly corner of Kingston and Summer streets; then over Summer street to the corner of Otis street, taking the whole block bounded by Otis, Devonshire and Summer streets and Winthrop Square, known as the Beebe block. Then it passed up Summer street towards Washington on both sides of Summer street. On the south side of Summer street it was stopped by the large store of C. F. Hovey & Co., a few doors west of Chauncey street. On the northerly side of Summer street passed up to Washington street, taking Trinity church in its course and only leaving the building on the northerly corner of Washington and Summer streets occupied by the Waltham Watch Company and Mr. A. C. Mudge. When it took the whole of Washington street on the easterly side down to the corner of Washington and Milk streets, where the low building on the corner occupied by Currier & Trott, jewelers, was blown to pieces with powder, at about six o'clock on Sunday morning. During the whole night the fire was marching steadily toward the water easterly, carried by the northwesterly wind. The water was reached by the flames about midnight, taking all the stores on the southerly side of Summer street, the new block of buildings at the junction of Bedford and Summer streets, ending in the destruction of the Boston, Hartford & Erie railroad depot. At the same time the fire spread to the right and left, taking as its outer course to the north toward State street. From the corner of Milk and Washington streets the march of the fire was along the southerly side of Milk street, until it passed the new Post Office building, when it crossed Water street; and finally at a late hour Sunday forenoon attacked the Post Office on State street. This was saved, but was badly damaged.

It takes but a few lines to detail the march which the fire took through a portion of the city, where every foot of the flames' advance sent to destruction thousands of dollars of accumulated wealth. It took hours for it to occur. From the early time in the evening the fire marched on its way with a remorseless tread, and the dawn of the Sabbath saw no cessation of its fury. The crowds who thronged the streets and covered the housetops hoped for the best and prayed for the staying of the flames. In minutes men saw the accumulations of years pass into the night air in clouds of smoke and cinders and the rolling of volumes of red fire. In the teeth of the wind, against all common supposition the fire steadily advanced. As was said before, the wind blew steadily from the northwest and west. It should have carried the fire towards the bay, and by common calculation, if any vulnerable point of the city was to be taken, South Boston was its direct victim. It would have been better for the losers had even the destruction of that part of the city with its teeming dwellings been razed to the ground. But against all calculation the fire relentlessly marched with an almost stately and majestic tread nearly directly north, striking down the costliest part of the whole city and putting a temporary embarrassment on trade and business. No language can picture with sufficient vividness to give the reader who did not see it an equal conception of the grandness of a great fire like that of Saturday night and Sunday morning. At ten o'clock, so much of the vicinity of Summer street was in flames that a great glare of light filled the air for miles around and lit up the whole surrounding country. The almost fabulous distance which the fire was seen, as shown elsewhere, gives a faint idea of the magnificence of the spectacle to the beholder who was near the scene.

The district bounded by Summer, Broad, Oliver, Milk and Washington streets, comprised the most valuable portion of Ward Five, including as it did the splendid granite warehouses which were justly the pride of Bostonians, and the admiration of strangers. In this section was concentrated the immense wealth invested in the wholesale dry goods, woolen cloths, furnishing and clothing, boat and shoe and leather business. Untold millions of the wealth of the capitalists and merchants of the city was piled up in the streets included within their boundaries; streets in the widening and extension of which the city has expended millions of dollars to accomodate the great currents of mercantile traffic which constantly flowed through them. The stores on Franklin, Summer, Pearl, Federal, Congress and High streets, erected upon the site of what in olden time constituted the residency of the wealthiest and most aristocratic portion of the inhabitants, were the finest and most substantial in the city, and their architectural beauty challenged the admiration of all beholders. Upon this territory stood the great commission houses, which were the repositories of the products of the mills of Lowell, Lawrence, Manchester, Lewiston and other cotton and woolen manufacturing towns, and the leather stores which supplied the busy hives of industry in Lynn, Natick, Abington, Hopkinton, Milford, Brookfield, Marlboro' and other towns, the leading business of which is the manufacture of boots and shoes, the cases of which contained in the splendid warehouses of Pearl, High and adjacent streets, were counted by hundreds of thousands. Here, too, was centered extensive establishments for the manufacture of clothing, in which thousands of females found employment. Nearly all the great wool dealers in Boston were located within these precincts, on Federal, Congress and intersecting streets. Prominent among the noble structures upon which the early moonbeams fell on Saturday evening were the Beebe Block fronting on Winthrop square, between Devonshire and Otis streets; the long block of stores with their reverse curve of freestone fronts on the east side of the same square, while on the corner of Franklin and Devonshire streets stood the Cathedral Block, one of the finest Merchantile warehouses in the world. The *Pilot* building, National Bank of North America, and Trinity Church, that venerable pile of rough-hewn granite, the walls and tower of which alone braved the storm of fire which rained about it; two hundred stores erected within the past few years on High, Pearl, Purchase and Congress streets by J. E. Brown & Sons, and owned by Hon. William B. Spooner, David Snow, B. G. Boarnman, the heirs of Isaac Rich, Eben Phillips, David L. Webster, S. R. Spaulding and other large owners of real estate; all these and many more structures of scarcely less note were located within the district described.

The battle with the fire was the severest on Washington street from Summer down to Milk, and was waged by the members of the Fire Department with a daring and energy which no language can too highly praise, As the fire began to spread early Saturday night, the force of the Fire Department was concentrated at the leeward to prevent the fire marching in the direction which the wind was blowing. When it was found, however, that with reason or without, the flames persisted in going against or at angles with the wind, the tactics were changed, and a large force was stationed on Washington street, where the greatest danger lay. A large portion of the district east of that street was doomed beyond human power to save. But west of it lay a large extent of domain equally valuable, and far more combustible, and in it the Music Hall, City Hall, Tremont Temple, the Court House, several hotels, newspaper offices and valuable stores. Once across Washington street no one could tell where the fire would stop. So the firemen fought inch by inch amid falling wall and intense heat, throwing a large number of streams on the Marlboro' Hotel, Washington and other buildings on the west side of the street. As buildings fell the heroic men retreated at a run only far enough to get out of immediate danger, and then at work again. Indeed, in some instances, their retreat was not speedy enough, and some of the brave fellows were injured by the falling walls. Their fight was a victory, however, and they kept the fire on its own ground and saved a calamity in the destruction of the west of Washington street whose extent is appalling to think of.

State street, looking down from Congress square, presented a scene never before witnessed in Boston. Every hydrant and manhole to the water sources, had attached to it some piece of department apparatus, with busy firemen at work about it; upon the pavement was a network of hose; firemen were rushing here and there; policemen were doing their duty singly or in squads; soldiers were standing guard about the Union building, which covers the large vaults holding the millions and millions of dollars of the treasures of merchants, stock operators and speculators of the city and State, the Sub-Treasury of the United States, bank building and associated vaults on the street. Infantry were stationed at the head and foot of the street and at its intersections, to prevent those without permit from entering the street, and added to all this action of humanity and machinery were the cries and shouts of the firemen and the puffing and snorting of the steam engines. The patrolling of the street was finely done, and as it gave additional security against loss of life, it also greatly aided the firemen in the performance of their work.

The last and only permanent check to the fire was executed just as it had reached the northern side of Lindall street. But in getting there it had sprung upon the old Post-office and Sub-Treasury, in the Merchants' Exchange building. This was reached by the roof and upper windows, and in its partly demolished state now marks the extreme progress of the fire northward. The last building on the north end of Congress street branded by the fire are the brick and stone building on the southeast corner of Post Office avenue, and the street occupied by Fogg. Bro. & Co., Gardner & Co. and others and the block of stores on the opposite side. This left in reality but two whole buildings on the street, and these have their fronts on State street. The street with smoking, steaming, barricade of heavy blocks of granite and mason work, was a sad spectacle and of course was even beyond recognition as a former thoroughfare from the Post Office avenue southward. The battle with the flames there was admirably conducted.

Noon of Sunday was nearly reached before people could feel that the fire was really under the power of the firemen. When the destroyer had moved its front in the face of the wind a third of a mile from where it started on Summer street, through the noble edifices of trade on the avenues of Devonshire, Congress, Kilby and Batterymarch streets, and directly on towards the wealth contained in the State street vaults. The old Post Office had become a thing for it to feed upon, but this was the only building having a street frontage that had been reached by the flames. The powers of the weary firemen had been strained to their greatest extent, and it often, before ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, looked as if there were no such thing as checking the conflagration without blowing up the structures that bordered it. A fire eating to windward is a stubborn thing to close up, especially with such a body of heat in rear of it.

We sincerely sympathize with our newspaper brethren who have sustained a total or partial loss of their property. The noble edifice of Patrick Donahoe, in Franklin street owned and occupied by him as the office of *The Pilot* and for the publication of his books, is a total wreck. Early in the evening he was among the foremost to proffer the use of his building, then thought too distant for the fire to reach, to those who were in immediate danger. Later in the evening the flames swept this splendid structure, with others, and the evidence of long, laborious and successful years of labor crumbled to ashes. It was a thoroughly equipped office, perfect in all its appointments.

The *Boston Transcript* building, near the head of Milk street, was gutted. For Messrs. Dutton & Son and Mr. Haskell there will be a wide spread sympathy. Their new edifice was justly their pride, and it is with sincere regret we chronicle their misfortune. The noble building stood the attacks of the flames for a long while, but finally was obliged to succumb.

Messrs. Thomes & Talbot, publishers of the *American Union*, made a total loss at their premises on Congress street.

The three stereotype foundries were destroyed.

The splendidly equipped printing offices of Messrs. Wright & Potter on Milk street was totally destroyed. They are the State Printers, and will have the sympathy of the craft.

The fire broke out afresh at a little after twelve o'clock Sunday night, in the immediate vicinity of the spot where it first originated. It came from the gas which exploded in the buildings on Summer street, near C. F. Hovey's occupied by William R. Storms & Co. The froot walls of the building was blown into the street, and set fire to the store which extended back into Central Court.

Owing to the frequent gas explosions the firemen were for some minutes deterred from going into close proximity to the burning building. But, despite the danger of such a course, the brave fellows made a dash, and soon had streams playing on the burning buildings.

From Storm's establishment the flames speedily communicated to the extensive building on the corner of Summer and Washington streets, occupied on the ground floor by Messrs. Shreve, Crumb & Low, jewelers and dealers in elegant gas fixtures. The upper stories were occupied by Wheeler & Wilson, sewing machine warerooms; Lowell & Brett, engravers, and by two or three custom tailors.

Their efforts to stay the progress of the devouring element were unavailing, and in less than half of an hour the magnificent block on the corner of Summer and Washington streets, in the windows of which thousands have often feasted their eyes on displays of rare jewelry and articles of virtu, was to be fated.

The flames leaped from the windows and curled themselves into a fatal embrace about the cornices, and soon the vast pile was wrapped in its shroud of flame.

One gas explosion followed another in rapid succession. Several soldiers and firemen were prostrated, and in one or two instances severely injured.

Working to the south and near the range of three story brick buildings lately occupied by Jordan & Marsh, but within a few days taken possession of by Crosby & Morse, who were to throw the whole into a grand store in connection with their Washington street establishment, took fire and were very soon in flames.

Down Summer street the flames crept along steadily, and were finally subdued at the store occupied by C. F. Hovey & Co.

The extensive wholesale and retail store occupied by Jordan, Marsh & Co., was saved by covering it with woolens saturated with water.

The following is a brief summary of the extent and limits of the fire:

High street, from one end to the other is one mass of smoking ruins.

At three o'clock Sunday morning that part of Devonshire street between Milk and Summer streets was in ruins. The street which had but the day previous been so full of activity and business was reduced to nothing but stone, brick and mortar.

Between the spared building of Mr. Mudge on the corner of Washington and Summer streets, to Trinity Church (Rev. Philip Brooks, rector) on the north side of Summer street, there were two or three buildings which are now prostrate. The massive square, tower and front wall of Trinity church still stands, an imposing ruin. A part of the rear wall still stands, but the side walls have crumbled. A small portion of the wall of the building occupied by Stedman & Co., next east of Trinity church and separated from it by a narrow alley, is still standing. From that point every wall on the north side of Summer street is prostrate, except the granite walls of the triangular building on the east corner of High street, occupied by Skillings, Hammond & Co., stationers.

On the south side of Summer street the buildings from the corner of Washington to and including Hovey's establishments are not burned, but the stock in the latter has suffered considerable damage by removal and by water. The roof of it was covered as completely as possible with woolen blankets kept soaked with water, which were still in place Monday afternoon. From Hovey's to Chauncy street the buildings are all burned out, but the walls stand. They are, however, so much damaged that they will have to be demolished. From Chauncy street east, not a front wall stands, and but a few rear walls.

Nothing is thoroughly burned on Kilby street between No. 23 (on the right entering from State street,) and State street.

The fire in Washington street was stopped at Currier & Trott's jewelry store on the southeast corner of Washington and Milk streets.

The front walls of all the buildings on the east side of Washington street from Milk street to the iron front building occupied by Fowle, Torrey & Co., as a carpet warehouse, and including the latter, are standing. Then there is a gap extending to the splendid marble-front building of Macullar, Williams & Co., the front walls of all the lofty buildings, some of which were of granite and some of iron, have fallen into Washinnton street, which is blocked up with piles of ruins. The front of Macullar, Williams & Co's. building still stands, as does also one rear corner.

From this to the granite building on the northwest corner of Washington and Summer streets occupied by Andrew Mudge and the Appleton Watch Co., there is another gap made by prostrate buildings.

Except this one, all the buildings on the east side of Washington street on the two blocks bounded by Summer and Franklin and Franklin and Milk streets are destroyed, being the buildings designated by even numbers from 128 to 222 inclusive.

Pearl street, the great shoe and leather centre of the city, is laid low; and instead of the long, straight avenue lined with tall granite structures on either side, the spectator could see nothing but dreary piles of calcined granite and smoking heaps of dull-red bricks.

In Franklin street there is scarcely a wall standing, and in the smoking waste no one could recognize the fine, wide thoroughfare, with its graceful curving lines and the noble warehouses, the pride of the city, and taking rank with the finest business structures in the world, which towered on every hand so recently.

Everything on Arch street was levelled to the ground.

Every building on Otis street was destroyed. The fire to the business community is one of the most severe and disastrous that ever occurred in this country, and while but few dwelling houses were burned and but a comparatively small number of families left houseless, the finest warehouses and stores of the city and the entire space occupied by the wholsale dry goods dealers, wool merchants, boot and shoe and hide and leather dealers and clothing houses were entirely destroyed. Not a wool house is standing in the city. The whole of Pearl and High streets, which were devoted exclusively to the boot and shoe and hide and leather trade, are a mass of ruins. Every wholesale clothing house, with a single exception, is burned, and but three or four dry goods commission houses are left standing. The loss in buildings is immense, and together with the large stock of imported and domestic fabrics that were burned cannot be estimated at less than $50,000,000. All the domestic wool in the city has been burned, and the total number of pounds of foreign and domestic fleece and pulled destroyed by the fire cannot fall short of 8,000,000 pounds, while the entire stock remaining in the market consists of foreign wool and is less than 8,000 bales. The destruction of boots, shoes and leather has been quite as complete as that of wool, altho' the stock of boots and shoes in warehouses is much lighter at this season than it would have been but a month later, and the loss will consequently be less to the owners. Besides this, large quantities of boots, shoes and leather were saved, which will materially lighten the loss to the sufferers.

The destruction of the dry goods jobbing houses has been nearly complete, and the agent of the largest mill in the country says that but one out of all his customers in the city has a place left for his business. The fire did not reach that section of the city occupied by the provision, produce, flour and grain trade, nor were there any losses to the fish or salt dealers, and but slight damage to the wholesale grocers. None of the hotels have been destroyed, and the railroads, with the exception of the Hartford and Erie, have not suffered, as the fire did not extend in that direction. There is not likely to be any such serious interruption to business as a view of the burned district would at first suggest, and with characteristic energy a large number of the merchants who have been burned out have secured rooms and offices in order to resume business Monday morning. If the merchants who are indebted to those who have suffered by the fire will meet their payments promptly, or when convenient will anticipate the day of payment, it will very materially aid in putting trade on a prosperous footing and business will soon run in its customary channels.

The funds of the sub-treasury were removed from the exchange Monday to the custom house, a file of marines from the navy yard escorting the treasure.

The post-office is temporarily located in Faneuil Hall. Postmaster Burt does everything possible under circumstances to expedite the distribution of mail matter.

Gilmore has placed the Coliseum at the disposal of parties wanting place to store goods.

The inner safe of Freeman's bank, over which considerable anxiety has been felt, has been opened, and the contents found safe. The outer safe fell from the second story and broke a hole in the side, and the depositors' trunks with their valuables were all destroyed. The bank will probably lose nothing. The other bank vaults with contents are all safe. The books of the Hide & Leather bank are however destroyed.

It is impossible to give anything like an accurate or even approximate report of the insurance. Some of the largest firms have not had time to look over their policies. At an informal meeting of the leading insurance officers the statement was made that the losses would be nearly paid in full.

At the meeting of the citizens' relief committee, Mayor Gaston read dispatches from Gov. Geary of Pennsylvania, the Mayors of Cincinnati, Chicago, Indianapolis, Providence, and other cities, tendering sympathy and aid. After some discussion it was voted as the sense of the meeting that Mayor Gaston be requested to reply that pecuniary aid would be acceptable.

A committee of ladies has been formed especially to look after the thousands of sewing girls thrown out of employment.

A committee has been appointed to ask the general government to purchase the burned-over lot adjoining the new post-office for enlarging that building; also to request the Massachusetts senators and representatives in Congress to secure the passage of an act of Congress allowing the same drawback on building material as was allowed to Portland and Chicago.

The committee of twenty citizens have voted to request Gov. Washburn to call a special session of the legislature to authorize the city government of Boston to issue a sufficient amount of 7 per cent. bonds to aid the sufferers in rebuilding the burnt district.

Joseph Burr and George Smith, the former of Dorchester and the latter of Neponset, came to the city Saturday evening to see the fire. They were last seen in the vicinity of Chauncy street. It is feared that they were killed by falling walls.

N. Abbott, a Charlestown fireman, is missed by his friends, and fears are entertained that he was killed.

All fears of rekindling the flames seems at an end.

The following insurance companies which do business in Boston are declared perfectly solvent, and able to meet all liabilities in full:—Bangor of Bangor, Me.; Eastern of Bangor; Williamsburg, Ætna, Hope and Market, of New York; Triumph, of Cincinnati, and St. Paul, of Minnesota.

At a meeting of the Lumber Dealers' Association of Boston and vicinity, held Monday at the rooms of the Lumber Exchange, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Our city has been visited by a terrible calamity, inflicting serious disaster upon the whole community, and realizing the importance of the earnest co-operation of all who are able to contribute to the immediate restoration of such structures as the wants of our people may require, it is therefore

Resolved, That this Association tender to all wishing to rebuild in this city, the stock of lumber now in their possession at such prices as have recently ruled in their respective establishments.

Resolved, That as the interests of our business are identified with the interests of those who have so recently suffered we hereby pledge ourselves to stand firm against any advance in prices, unless made by absolute necessity.

The large fire-proof safe of the Revere Bank, to the security of which was entrusted the deposits of the bank, its securities, and most valuable papers, was opened Monday afternoon in the presence of the bank officers. Notwithstanding the immense heat to which the safe was subjected, the contents were found to be remarkably well preserved. The trunks containing the valuables of the bank and those of private depositors were scarcely injured, while the books escaped with only their edges charred and their covers blackened by the heat.

Laborers were at work monday, clearing the sidewalks and streets of the bricks and stone which came down with the falling walls, burying the horse-railroad tracks in Washington, Summer, Kingston and Chauncy streets and the Union Freight Railroad in Broad street. Not many days will elapse before the street passenger cars can run on their accustomed routes, and platform cars brought down into the burnt district to remove the ruins.

There has been a great demand for offices and desk room by those firms which were burned out, and wish to have at least a temporary location at once.

The Spectator furnishes the following reliable list of losses: American of New York, $80,000; American Exchange, 10,000; Artic, $100,000; Black River, $35,000; Brewers and Malters, $50,000; Citizens of New York, $250,000; City of New York, $130,000; Clinton, $50,000; Columbia, $75,000; Commercial $80,000; Gebhart, $22,500; German American, $10,000; Germania, $275,000; Grn's Falls, 50,000: Hanover, $275,000; International, $300,000; Jefferson, $10,000: Lorillard, $80,000; Market, $60,000; Manhattan, $35,000; Mechanics and Traders, $25,000; New York Equitable, $15,000; Pacific, $15,000; Relief, $60,000; Standard, $357,000; Star, $150,000; United States, $5,000; Williamsburgh City, $100,000; Liverpool, London and Globe, 1,639,300; Washington, New York, $90,000; Farragut. $20,000; Commerce, $62,000; Fireman's $122,000; Republic, $200,000; Importers and Traders, $32,000; West Chester, $75,000; Niagara, not over $300,000; Springfield, $250,000; Tradesman's $240,000; Traders, Chicago, $30,000; Commerce, Albany, $50,000; Alps, $34,000, New York and Yonkers, $70,000; Lancashire, 125,000; Mechanics and Traders, $25,000; National, New York, $140,000; Amazon, $50,000; Triumph, $50,000; St. Paul Fire and Marine, $20,000; Franklin of Philadelphia, 500,000; Girard, $50,000; Globe, $15,000; Etna, Hartford, $40,000; Hartford, $250,000; Connecticut, $90,000; Orient, $150,000; National, Hartford, $125,000; Phœnix, Hartford, $450,000; The Ætna of Hartford losses, though not definitely ascertained but carefully approximated, will not exceed $750,000. The total losses by the Hartford Companies will not exceed but a trifle over $2,000,000. They are all safe.

All the Providence companies say they will come out straight. The American and Mercantile of Boston will go on. The Boylston must stop. The New Jersey companies lose only a trifling amount. The Continental Insurance Company of New York, has assets amounting to over $2,000,000, and if the entire amount at risk within the district is a total loss, half of its surplus will pay for it.

The police of Boston are likely to have occasion for the exercise of all their vigilance. The "Owl" train from New York on the Boston and Albany Railroad, due in Boston at 4 A. M., Monday, did not arrive until about seven. It consisted of twenty-seven cars mostly filled with roughs, who have come to pillage and plunder. On the route they showed their real character at the various stopping places, where they visited eating saloons, and gorging themselves with food, refused payment in a true highwayman style.

There was a continuous procession of men Monday morning, from the residences on Beacon Hill toward State street and other business portions of the city, bearing account books, baskets of papers and other valuables, which had been removed on Saturday night and Sunday for safe keeping.

Probably no branch of business will suffer more than the shoe interest, and the manufacturers in the suburban towns were in Boston in great force Monday, to consult with the magnates of the trade, who have been driven from their headquarters on Pearl street.

In consequence of the immense destruction of merchandise, values have been advanced in New York 7 to 20 per ct. The destruction of 11,000,000 pounds of wool, and a stock of 5,000,000 suits of clothing, and almost the entire supply of woolens and clothing for Eastern Canada and the Northwest, has caused an advance of 7 cents per pound in wool; while heavy domestic woolens have advanced over 30 cents per yard. Blankets, flannels and shawls are advanced 10 per cent. Coffees are rather excited on account of the loss of two or three large grinders and others removing 21,000 bags from the market. Some 25,000 half-chests of tea, largely Japans and Oolongs, have been destroyed.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

The Presidential election in America is the principal topic of the London papers. The prevailing sentiment is favorable to the Administration. A subject of complimentary notice in the orderly manner in which the elections were conducted under exciting circumstances. Much surprise is expressed at the completeness of the Republican victory and the heavy majorities given for Grant.

Mr. Dundas, Liberal, has been elected to Parliment from Richmond.

Cardinal Cullen has returned to Dublin from his visit to Rome.

The colonial question having arisen between England and Portugal, both parties have agreed to resort to arbitration for its settlement, and have selected President Thiers as arbitrator.

Steps have been taken in London to send relief to the sufferers by the floods in Italy. Subscriptions have been opened, and quite a large sum is already received.

Spain.

In the Cortes a motion made by Senor Orenz for the suppression of lotteries, and another to reduce the number of Cabinet Ministers to five, were defeated. A proposition to abolish the tobacco monopoly was rejected.

Germany.

The pamphlet entitled "Away with the House of Peers" has appeared. Karl Blind is the author. Its publication and sale have in no way been intefered with by the officers.

The *Provincial Correspondence* intimates that the Government, while maintaining the basis of the country reform bill, will ask the Lower House to agree to partial modifications. In the meantime measures will be taken to insure the adoption of the bill in the Upper House.

Austria.

Mr. Post, American Consul at Vienna, has received under his protection thirty-five Jewish families who fled from persecution in Wallachia. A subscription has been opened at the Consulate to enable the exiles to emigrate to the United States.

Italy.

DESTRUCTIVE HURRICANE.—Milan, Nov. 6. The town of Palazzolo, near the city of Brescia, in the province of the latter name, was visited by a terrible hurricane on the 5th inst. Half of the buildings in the town were destroyed and thirty-two persons killed by the falling walls. Thousands of families are homeless.

France.

There is great enthusiasm at Rheims over the evacuation of that city by the German troops. Buildings were decorated Thursday with French colors and flowers, and at night there was a general illumination. The Theatre was opened at evening for the first time since the occupation of the city and the Marsellaise was performed by the orchestra.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS. No material derangement of business is anticipated by the dry goods, hide and leather, or boot and shoe trade of New York in consequence of the fire, the sentiment being that all Boston dealers are still in good standing, and only an extension of time is necessary. Boston buyers who appeared in New York on Tuesday were cheerfully given the credit they asked for.

New York parties expect a rise of 30 to 40 per cent. in woolen goods, and are congratulating themselves upon the necessary diversion of the wool trade from Boston to that city. Heavy sales were lately made to Boston dealers, but the wool had not been delivered or was in transit, and so escaped destruction. California wool growers expect to profit by the fire.

A DOUBLE MURDER. Two Italians reached Dover, N. J., on Thursday, on the morning train from New York and visited the shoe store of Giovanni Barrioti. One of the men claimed Barrioti's housekeeper as his wife, and after a slight altercation, stabbed the woman in the mouth with a long stilleto. She died immediately. Barrioti attempted to rescue her and was also stabbed in the abdomen in two places, and will probably die. Both men are under arrest. The affair creates great excitement, some of the citizens wanting to lynch the murderer.

Special Notices.

Morbid Predisposition.

Thousands of human beings are afflicted with an inherent predisposition to disease. They are the weaklings of the flock; the vital spark burns but feebly in them, and will be likely to go out prematurely unless nourished and protected. To this class, above all Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an article of prime necessity. It imparts nervous energy, vital power, constitutional stamina, and these are the attributes that such weaklings require. Nature must be reinforced under such circumstances or the machinery of life will soon run down. For the debilitated the dyspeptic, the bilious, the rhumatic, the nervous and the despondent, there is nothing comparable to Hostetter's Bitters.

Twenty Years Younger.—To say that hundreds of maids, wives and widows look twenty years younger than they are in consequence of the complexional freshness derived from the use of HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM, is simply to state an absolute fact, which might be promptly verified by direct testimony if ladies were as willing to tell their ages as to use the best means for making themselves lovely. Nature sometimes, but very rarely, crowns the charms of perfect features with a complexion of exquisite clearness; but even then, time soon begins to make inroads upon the velvet cheek, the fair white brow, the ivory bust, the rounded arm. To preserve the "glory of woman" unblemished, even after the meridian of life has been passed, it is only necessary to use daily this cooling, healthful vegetable preparation.

ATWOOD'S

Quinine Tonic Bitters.

THE BEST AROMATIC TONIC IN USE FOR

Dyspepsia, Jaundice and Nervous Debility,

And all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver or Stomach. Price, $1.00. A. LITTLEFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Boston, Mass. lod by all Druggists. 1yeop15

Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Constipation, Wind, Mental and physical Debility, and Melancholy, are caused by a disarrangement of the digestive organs. To thoroughly master these symptoms, WHITE'S SPECIAL TY FOR DYSPEPSIA is *the only prompt, efficient and safe remedy.* H. G. WHITE, Proprietor. 107 Washington St., Boston. Price, $1 per bottle. 13344

RAPID CONSUMPTION is often the penalty of trifling with a severe cough: but no such a catastrophe can occur if *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar* is taken before the disorganization of the lungs has commenced. Take time by the forelock and you are safe. Crittenton's, 7, 6th Avenue. Sold by all Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

The North Waldo Agr'l Society

Will hold its next annual meeting at Unity Village on Saturday, Nov. 23d, at 10 o'clock A. M. All interested in Agriculture are invited to attend.

50 JOHN ROYAL, Sec'y.

VEGETINE is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers; for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep.

Married.

In this city, 6th inst., by Rev. E. Martin, Charles H. E. Williams to Miss Georgianna Towne, both of Augusta.

In this city, 5th inst., by Rev E. Turner, Samuel H. Leighton of Belgrade, to Miss Sarah A. Little of Augusta.

In Winthrop, 12th inst., by Rev. A. R. Sylvester, at the residence of the bride's father, W. E. Whitman to Miss Annie E. Wing. [A generous slice of the wedding loaf accompanied this notice. We wish the couple much happiness in their new relations, and long and useful lives.]

In Lawrence, Mass., 31st ult., Frank W. Lapham to Miss H. Jennie Dean.

In Pittston, 19th ult., Orville D. Wyman of Skowhegan, to Miss Jennie L. Keene of Pittston.

In Sidney, Sept. 29th, Asa W. Robinson to Miss Laura H. Cummings.

In Hallowell, 7th inst., Stephen C. Dyer to Miss Augusta A. George.

In Orono, 6th inst., Joseph Hodgkins to Miss Stella Clark.

In Thomaston, 23d ult., John M. Austin to Miss Cora E. Mitchell.

Died.

In Skowhegan, 23d ult., after a long and painful sickness, Philenia Boardman, eldest daughter of Seth P. and Martha Russell.

In Ogdensburg, Wis., 18th ult., Miss Sarah C. Jones, aged 49 years, formerly of Augusta.

At Riverside, 24 h ult., George W. McCommick, aged 18½ years.

In Sangerville, 5th inst., Mr. E. C. Davee, aged 21 years.

In Pleasant Grove, Iowa, Sept. 19th, Harmon Beale, aged 70½ years, formerly of Dover, Me.

In Rockland, 3d inst., Jeremiah Sweetland, aged 23½ years.

In Camden, 25th ult., Emma Bell Ames, aged 15 years.

In Brunswick, 4th inst., Charles Toothaker, aged 80 years.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC,
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Sometimes medicines that will stop a cough will often occasion the death of the patient. It locks up the liver, stops the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, clogging the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver complaint and dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of consumption. Many are now complaining with dull pain in the side, the bowels sometimes costive and sometimes too loose, tongue coated, pain in the shoulder-blade, feeling sometimes very restless, and at other times drowsy; the food that is taken lies heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching of wind. These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly stopped, the lungs, liver and stomach clog, and remain torpid and inactive, and before the patient is aware of his situation, the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, and death is the inevitable result.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain any opium, nor anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Seaweed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juice of the stomach, digests easily, nourishes the system, and creates a healthy circulation of the blood. When the bowels are costive, skin sallow, and the patient is of a bilious habit, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

Those medicines are prepared by Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Northeast corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Penn., and for sale by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover St., Boston, and John F. Henry, 8 College place, New York, Wholesale Agents.

For sale by Druggists generally. 1f39

POULTRY EXHIBITION!

The Penobscot Co. Poultry Society,

WILL HOLD ITS

Second Exhibition of Poultry &c.,

AT THE

CITY HALL, IN BANGOR.

Commencing TUESDAY, DEC. 3d, 1872, and continuing three days.

Premiums will be awarded as follows:

Largest and best display of fowls owned by one person,	$5.00
Second best,	3.00
Best show of doves, not less than five varieties,	3.00
Best trio of fowls of any approved breed, (over one year,)	3.00
Second best,	2.00
Third best,	1.00
Same for fowls under one year,	
Best pair of Bronze or other variety of Turkey,	3.00
Second best,	2.00
Best pair of Geese, Swans or Ducks of any valuable variety,	3.00
Second best,	2.00

Best Canary or other singing or Fancy Birds, also for best exhibition of Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, or for valuable novelties connected with birds or fowls, to each award as Committee may determine.

Fowls will be judged by the rules of American Standard of Excellence, and premiums awarded for fowls nearest standard points therein.

Competition is open to exhibitors from all parts of the State.

Exhibitors will be charged an entry fee of one dollar; the payment of which sum constitutes any person a member of the Society.

For Circulars address
3f50 JOHN H. HAYES, *Secretary.*

Oil Painting.

Having completed my

NEW STUDIO,

Corner of Water and Winter Sts., Gardiner,

I am now ready to receive and give instruction

To Scholars in Oil Painting.

I am also prepared to execute orders for Oil Paintings and to furnish all kinds of

GOLD OR WALNUT PICTURE FRAMES,

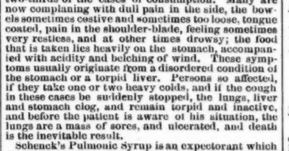
At Manufacturers Prices.

The public are invited to visit my studio, at their convenience, between the hours of 1 and 4 P. M.

P. H. HOLMES.

Gardiner, Nov. 5, 1872. 4f50

BEST HOLIDAY GIFT!


WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY
ILLUSTRATED EDITION 3000

Poetry.

VOICES OF NATURE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE TREES.

Barrenly murmur through manifold branches,
Answer the billows that tumble ashore,
Blossom or strip in the march of the seasons,
Who are but sport of the winds, and no more.

Shadow we give them where once we were holy,
Limbed and beam for the being they stole;
Service for sacrifice, litter for garlands,
Use for the beauty they granted a soul.

Desolate, cold, is the shell of a Dryad;
Still are the dances, the oracles dumb;
Playmates of old, we are slighted as strangers,
Shorn of our honor in ages to come.

THE RIVERS.

We are loud and silent, we hasten and dally,
We bless and waste, as in days that are dead;
We dance on the hillside and sleep in the valley,
With rocks as a cradle, the reeds as a bed;
But the nymphs of our fountains leave them untended
And the god of the stream is gone from his urn;
The term of our human beauty is ended,
And its liquid graces shall never return.

We bless and waste, we speed in our courses,
We urge and pilot, we cheer and call;
We wander and widen, with fetterless forces,
Servants and lovers and lords of all!
The pulses of life in our veins unbroken,
The movement of life in the tides we pour,
Still bind you to men with a secret token,
And keep us kindred, though none adore.

Our Story Teller.

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain that November night! None of your undecided showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild, persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrow drops and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Partlet heard the angry rattle against the casements, and drew his snug easy chair to the fire—a great opening mass of glimmering anthracite, and gazed with a sort of sleepy reflective satisfaction at the crimson moreen curtains, and the gray cat fast asleep on the hearth, and the canary bird rolled into a drowsy ball of yellow down on its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire. "I'm glad I had that leaky spot fixed in the barn roof last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while, when a fellow's under cover and there's nothing particular to be done. Mary!"

"Yes," Mrs. Partlet answered. She was flitting about between kitchen and sitting-room with a blue check apron tied around her waist. "I'm nearly ready to come in now, Josiah. Now I wonder," *soto voce*, "if that was really a knock at the door, or just a little rush of the wind and rain?"

She went to the door, nevertheless; and a minute or two afterward she went to her husband's chair.

"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddilove," she said, half apprehensively. The Squire never looked up from his paper.

"Tell him he's made a mistake. The tavern is on the corner beyond."

"But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar!" said Mrs. Partlet.

"And couldn't you have told him No, without the preliminary ceremony of coming in here to ask me? Is it likely that I shall lend a dollar or even a cent to Luke Ruddilove? Why, I had a great deal better throw it among yonder red coals! No—of course not."

Mrs. Partlet hesitated.

"He looked so pinched and cold and wretched, Josiah. He says there's nobody in the world to let him have a cent."

"All the better for him, if he did but know it," sharply enunciated the Squire. "If it had come to that pitch half a dozen years ago, perhaps he wouldn't have been the miserable man he is now."

"We used to go to school together," said Mrs. Partlet, gently. "He was the smartest boy in the class."

"That's probable enough," said the Squire; "but it don't alter the fact that he's a poor drunken wretch now. Send him about his business, Polly, and if his time is of any consequence just let him know that he had better not waste it coming here after dollars."

And the Squire dropped back in his chair after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was definitely decided.

Mrs. Partlet went back to the kitchen, where Luke Ruddilove was spreading his poor thin fingers over the blaze of fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he were a pillar of vapor.

"He won't let you have it, Luke," said she. "I thought he wouldn't."

"Then I have got to starve, like any other dog," said Luke Ruddilove, turning away moodily. "And, after all, I don't suppose it makes much difference whether I shuffle out of the world to-day or to-morrow."

"Oh, Luke, not to your wife!"

"She'd be better off without me," said Luke, down-heartedly.

"But she ought not to be."

"Ought and is are two different things, Mrs. Partlet. Good night, I ain't going to the tavern, though I'll wager something the Squire thought I was."

"And isn't it natural enough he should think so, Luke!"

"Yes—yes, Mary, I don't say but what it is," murmured Luke Ruddilove, in the same dejected tone he had used throughout the interview.

"Stay!" Mrs. Partlet called to him, as his hand lay on the door-latch, in a low voice. "Here's a dollar, Luke, Mr. Partlet gave to me for a new piece of oil cloth in front of the dining-room stove, but I'll try and make the old one do a while longer. And Luke for the sake of old times—for the sake of your poor wife—will you do better?"

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly first at the fresh new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it there.

"Thank you, Mary," he said, and crept out of the warm, bright kitchen into the storm and darkness that reigned without. Mrs. Partlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish thing," she pondered; "but indeed I could not help it. Of course he'll spend it all at the public house, and I shall do without my oil cloth; that will be the end of it all."

And there was a conscious flush upon her cheek, as if she had done something wrong, when she rejoined the Squire in the sitting-room.

"Well," said Squire Partlet, "has that ne'er-to-do-well gone at last?"

"Yes."

"To Stoke's tavern, I suppose?"

"I hope not, Josiah."

"I'm afraid it's past hoping for," said the Squire, shrugging his shoulders. "And now for a pleasant evening. How it does rain, to be sure."

Mrs. Partlet kept the secret of the dollar bill within her own heart.

It was six months afterward that the Squire came into the room where his wife was preserving some great red apples into jelly.

"Well, well," quoth he, "wonders will never cease. The Ruddiloves have gone away."

"Gone where?"

"I don't know—out West somewhere with a colony. And they say Luke hasn't touched a drop in six months."

"I'm glad of that," said Mrs. Partlet.

"It won't last long," said the Squire, despairingly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any faith in these sudden reforms."

Mrs. Partlet was silent. She thought thankfully that after all that Luke had not spent the dollar bill in liquor.

Six months—six years—the time sped along, in days and weeks, almost before busy little Mrs. Partlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddiloves had gone back to Sequosset.

Luke had made his fortune, as the story went, in the far away El Dorado vaguely phrased "Out West" by the simple Sequossetters.

"They do say," said Mrs. Buckingham, "that he bought that ere lot down opposite the court-house, and is going to build such a house as never was."

"He must have prospered greatly," said the gentle Mrs. Partlet.

"And his wife wears a silk gown that will stand alone with its own richness," said Mrs. Buckingham. "I can remember when Luke Ruddilove was nothing but a poor drunken creature."

"All the more credit to him now," said Mrs. Partlet, emphatically.

"It's to be all o'stun," said Mrs. Buckingham, "with marble mantles and inlaid floors. And he's put a lot of papers and things under the corner one."

"The corner what?" said Mrs. Partlet, laughing. "Floor or mantle?"

"Stun, to be sure," said Mrs. Buckingham. "Like they do in public buildings you know."

"That is natural enough."

"Well it's a kind o' queer, but Luke Ruddilove never wan't like nobody else. Folks think it is dreadful strange he should put a one dollar bill in with the other things."

Mrs. Partlet felt her cheeks flush scarlet; she glanced up to where the Squire was checking off a list of legal items in the bill he was making out against some client. But he never looked around, and Mrs. Buckingham went on with her never-ceasing flow of chit-chat, and so the color died away in her cheek. After all, the money had been her own to give, and the oil cloth in front of the dining-room stove had answered very well.

She met Luke Ruddilove that afternoon for the first time since his return to Sequosset—Luke himself, yet not himself—the demon of intemperance crushed out of his nature, and its better, nobler elements triumphing at last. He looked her brightly in the face as he held out his hand.

"Mary,"

"I am glad to see you back here again, Luke," she said, tremulously.

"And well you may be," he rejoined. "Do you remember the night you gave me the dollar bill, and begged me not to go to the tavern?"

"Yes."

"That night was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me when every one spoke coldly; you trusted me when all other faces were averted. I vowed a vow to myself to prove worthy of your confidence, and I kept it. I did not spend the money—I treasured it up—and Heaven has added mightily to my little store. I put the dollar bill under the corner-stone of my new house, for the house has risen from it and is alone. I won't offer to pay you back, for I'm afraid," he added, smiling, "the luck would go from me with it: but I'll tell you what I will do, Mary; I will give money and words of encouragement to some other poor wretch, as you gave to me.

And Squire Partlet never knew what his wife did with the dollar bill he gave her to buy a new piece of oil cloth.

The Rejected Bank Note.

"What is the price of this dressing gown, sir!" asked a sweet faced girl, entering an elegant store in the city, which shall be nameless.

It was a cloudy day. The clerks lounged over the counter and yawned. The man to whom Alice Locke addressed herself was jaunty and middle aged. He was head clerk of the extensive establishment, and extremely consequential.

"This dressing gown we value at six dollars —you shall have it at five."

"Five dollars!" Alice looked at the dressing gown lovingly, and the clerk looked at her. He saw that, her clothes, though made and worn genteelly, were common enough in texture, and that her face was very much out of the common line. How it changed! now shaded, now lighted by the varied play of her emotions. The clerk could almost have sworn that she had no more than that sum, five dollars, in her possession.

"I think," she hesitated a moment, "I think I'll take it," she said; then seeing in the face before her an expression she did not like, she blushed as she handed out the bill the clerk had made up his mind to take.

"Jennis!" cried Torrent the head clerk, in a quick, pompous tone, "pass up the bank note detector."

Up ran the boy with the detector, and down ran the clerk's eye from column to column. Then he looked over with a sharp glance and exclaimed:

"That's a counterfeit bill Miss!"

"Counterfeit! Oh, no—it cannot be! the man who sent it could not have been so careless; you must be mistaken, sir."

"I am not mistaken; I'm never mistaken, Miss. This bill is counterfeit. I must presume, of course, that you did not know it, although so much bad money has been offered us of late that we intend to secure such persons as pass it. Who did you say sent it?"

"Mr. C——, sir, of New York. He could not send me bad money," said the trembling, frightened girl.

"Humph!" said the clerk. Well, there's no doubt about this; you can look for yourself. Now, don't let me see you here again until you can bring good money, for we always suspect such persons as you that come on dark days with a well made story.

"But, sir——"

"You need make no explanation, Miss," said the man insultingly. "Take your bill, and the next time you want to buy a dressing gown, don't try to pass your counterfeit money," and as he handed it, the bill fell from his hands.

Alice caught it from the floor and rushed into the street.

Such a shock the girl had never received. She hurried to a banking establishment, found her way in, and presented the note to a noble looking man with gray hair, faltering out, "Is this bill a bad one, sir?"

The cashier and his son happened to be the only persons present. Both noticed her extreme youth, beauty and agitation.

The cashier looked closely and handed it back, as with a polite bow and somewhat prolonged look, he said:

"It's a good bill, young lady."

"I knew it was," cried Alice, with a quivering lip—and he dared—"

She could go no further, but entirely overcome, she bent her head, and the hot tears had their way.

"I beg your pardon, have you had any trouble with it?" asked the cashier.

"Oh, sir, you will excuse me for giving way to my feelings; but you spoke so kindly, and I felt so sure that it was good. And I think, sir, such men as one of the clerks at Hunter & Warner's should be removed. He told me that it was counterfeit, and added something that I am glad my father did not hear. I knew the publisher would not send me bad money."

"Who is your father, young lady?" asked the cashier, becoming interested.

"Mr. Benjamin Lock, sir."

"Benjamin—Ben. Locke—was he ever a clerk in the navy department at Washington?"

"Yes, sir: we removed from there," replied Alice. "Since then"—she hesitated—"he has not been well—and we are somewhat reduced. Oh, why do I tell these things, sir?"

"Ben. Locke reduced!" murmured the cashier; the man who was the making of me!" Give me his number and street my child. Your father was the best, perhaps the only friend I had, I have not forgotten him. No. 4 Liberty street. I will call this evening. Meantime let me have the bill—let me see—I'll give you another. Since I come to look, I haven't got a five, here's a ten; we'll make it all right."

That evening the inmates of a shabby genteel house received the cashier of the M——— bank. Mr. Locke, a man of gray hairs, though numbering but fifty years, rose from his arm chair, and much affected, greeted the familiar face. The son of the cashier accompanied him, and while the elders talked together, Alice and the young man grew quite friendly.

"Yes, sir, I have been unfortunate," said Mr. Locke in a low tone. "I have just recovered, as you see from rheumatic fever, caused by undue exertion, and had it not been for that sweet daughter of mine, I know not what I should have done. She, by giving lessons in music and French, and by writing for periodicals, has kept me, so far, above want."

"You shall not want, my old friend," said the cashier. "It was a kind providence that sent your daughter to me. There is a vacancy in the bank just made by the death of a valuable clerk, and it is at your disposal. It is my gift, and valued at three thousand a year."

Pen cannot describe the joy with which this kind offer was accepted.

The day of deliverance had come.

* * * * * * *

On the following morning the cashier entered the store of Hunter & Warner, and enquired for the head clerk. He came obsequiously.

"Sir," said the cashier sternly, is that a bad note?"

"I—I think not, sir," stammeringly replied the clerk.

The cashier went to the door. From his carriage stepped a young girl and her father.

Did you not tell this young lady that the note was counterfeit? And did you not so far forget self respect and the interest of your employers as to offer an insult?"

The man stood confounded—he dared not deny—he could say nothing for himself.

"If your employers keep you, sir, they will no longer have my custom," said the cashier, sternly. "You deserve to be horse-whipped, sir."

The firm parted with their unworthy clerk that very day, and he left the store disgraced, but punished justly.

Alice Locke became the daughter of the good cashier. All of which grew out of calling a genuine bill counterfeit.

Joke on Frederick the Great.

Of Frederick the Great of Prussia, it is related that in going through the reception room at his palace at Sans Souci, he once found a workman who busied himself to get on the top of a ladder to take down a clock from the wall, but owing to the smoothness of the marble floor, the ladder could not be made to stand firm. "What art thou doing here, my friend?" inquired the king. "I am a watchmaker," answered the workman, "and I have received orders from the superintendent of the palace to repair this clock; I have been trying to take it down, but cannot succeed, as the ladder does not stand firm." "Ascend the ladder," said the king, "and I will hold it for you while you are at work." This done, the workman departed with the clock. On the following morning, the king was informed that the clock of the reception room had been stolen. No sooner had His Majesty heard this, than he found to his chagrin that instead, as he believed, of assisting a watchmaker he had been made the dupe of a thief. The king at once issued an order, saying, "Let him run, I have been an accomplice to the theft."

☞In a court a man who was called upon to appear as a witness could not be found. On the judge asking where he was, an elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis, said: "Your honor, he's gone." "Gone, gone!" said the judge, "where's he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead."

☞A grave mistake—burying a man alive.

Miscellany.

Awful Murder.

In our news columns of last week we briefly alluded to the awful murder at Northwood, N. H., which occurred on the 28th of last month. The following are the particulars more at length:

The quiet rural town of Northwood, N. H., has been the scene of a fearful outrage and murder, similar to that committed in the town of Strong, Franklin county, a few years since. A week ago last Friday, a girl thirteen years of age, named Georgiana Lovering, about 9 o'clock in the morning left the house of her grandparents where she and her widowed mother lived, to go into the woods to look after bird snares. She had been requested to do this by Franklin B. Evans, a connection of her grandparents, who was temporarily stopping with them. Evans saying that he was going to work for the day with a neighbor. The girl not returning as expected, in the course of an hour her mother, whose husband died from disease contracted in the army, went out to look for her. Not finding her, the grandfather was called, and went into the woods in search of the absent girl. He repeatedly called for her, but there was no response.

The whole family followed in the search, when the mother of the missing girl found on the ground the apron of her daughter. This aroused suspicion of foul play, and the neighboring farmers were aroused, and after dinner resumed the search. Soon a broken comb, was recognized as belonging to Georgie, some of her hair, and a strong string, were found near a brush fence. This discovery struck the company with horror, and word was at once sent to Northwood village, two miles distant, that Georgie Lovering was missing. A hundred persons soon joined in the search, and presently, near the spot where the apron was found, evidences of a struggle were discovered, and traces of something having been dragged along. The conviction now forced itself upon all that the girl had been outraged and murdered.

Suspicion at once turned to Evans, who was an old gray-headed man of 64 that had been thrice married, and who was a strolling character, getting his living by quackery and odd jobs of work. It was soon ascertained that he was not at work on Friday. After leaving the house where Georgie lived, after breakfast, he was seen on a hill from which the movements of Georgie could be observed, and about 9 o'clock (the hour when the girl went out) he was seen by another man to come down from the hill and enter the woods into which the girl had gone. About noon Evans appeared at a farmer's two miles off, and during the afternoon visited various places, and toward night returned, and expressed surprise at Georgie Lovering's disappearance. Friday evening he was questioned severely, but averred his innocence, and expressed his belief that the girl was alive. Suspicion against him was so strong that he was guarded, and the next day (Saturday week) was arrested by Sheriff Drew. He continued to maintain an innocent appearance, and yet begged the officer for some poison.

Notwithstanding the storm on Sunday week, the search was prosecuted all day, and through Monday and Tuesday—but without discovering any traces of the missing girl. Evans was during all this time in custody of Sheriff Drew. Tuesday afternoon the sheriff told Evans that if the girl was alive and he would tell where she was, no harm should be done him. Evans then said that the girl was alive, and had been taken away by a man in Kingston. Wednesday the sheriff took Evans to Kingston, but no such man could be found. Evans then said that the man might live in Candia—then in Keniston; but no such man could be discovered, and all concluded that Evans' story was false. During this time search had been suspended.

The sheriff now felt sure that the girl had been murdered by the old man, and as the former sat with the latter Friday evening, he looked Evans directly in the eye and said: "In the hearing of no person but us two and the Great Being above, I ask this question: Is the body of the girl cold in death?" The eyes of the two men were fastened on each other. Neither made the slightest movement, and not a sound was heard except the measured tick of the clock and perhaps their own partially suppressed breathing. For some seconds it seemed doubtful who would relax first. But Evans, evidently becoming unnerved under the calm, searching gaze of the officer, suddenly turned pale, his hands trembled, and from his quivering lips came the words. "It is, Mr. Drew. I have done wrong." With the same calmness he had maintained from the beginning the sheriff said. "Go with me and show me where she is." Evans said, "I will."

The sheriff secretly requested his wife to send and have two neighbors follow them, and join him when called for, and then drove with Evans three miles to the woods where the girl was last seen. Hitching his horse, he lighted a lantern, and then in the darkness of midnight both sheriff and Evans threaded their way to the brush fence where the broken comb was found. Evans then led the way to a miry swamp three-fourths of a mile distant. Into the swamp they plunged, at every step sinking into brush and mire. The blackness of night made the scene all the more fearful. At length, Evans reached a dense thicket where a large tree had been uptorned by the roots, and stooping down and scraping away some leaves, he pointed to a white object and simply muttered "There."

Sheriff Drew held his lantern to the spot indicated, and there was the face of Georgie Lovering, cold in death. In a moment he had put handcuffs on Evans, who only slightly resisted, and then hallooed. In a short time the two men whom he had notified ro follow, made their appearance, when the leaves and brush were removed from the shelf formed by the upturned tree, and the body of the missing girl exposed to view. The clothes were gathered around the neck which showed heavy prints of fingers where it had been grasped. The face was not injured. The lower part of the body was horribly mutilated, ard a portion removed. Evans subsequently showed them where this portion was concealed.

Evans, the prisoner, was taken to Northwood, and the body of the dead girl also removed there—the mournful procession reaching the village about 4 o'clock Saturday morning. The excitement of the people was intense, and the sheriff removed Evans to prevent them from lynching him. A coroner's jury was summoned, and on Monday they returned a verdict in accordance with the foregoing facts.

It seemed that Evans decoyed the girl into the woods under the pretence of having her look to the bird snares he had set, and then followed her. She resisted his hellish designs, and a struggle ensued; she probably screamed, when Evans seized her by the throat and finally strangled her. He then dragged her lifeless body nearly a mile and concealed it under the roots of a fallen tree.

Lost in the Woods.

The Portland *Advertiser* gives the following account of the adventures of our esteemed friend, Dr. Wm. W. Greene of Portland, who hunted for moose in Nova Scotia and got lost in the woods:

We have listened this afternoon to a most harrowing tale from the lips of that most eminent surgeon, Dr. William W. Greene, that cannot fail to interest his thousands of patients throughout the city and State. The doctor, it is well known, has been in the habit, for several years past, of making a hunting trip to the Maine Lakes every summer, absenting himself for several months for that purpose, in order to regain the health and strength, which is of more importance to a physician than to a ordinary business or professional man, and which the constant strain upon his physical and mental system, caused by his immense and constantly increasing practice, rendered imperative.

This year Dr. Greene concluded to visit the neigborhood of Tangier in Nova Scotia, where he was informed the best moose hunting could be procured. He was well aware of the wariness of that kind of game, and the difficulty of securing it and he determined to try his luck. Together with a party of friends he took the steamer for Halifax from whence they all proceeded to Tangier. It had been the doctor's intention to visit Capt. Hill of Ship Harbor, a gentleman renowned for his hospitality as well as his great skill as a gentleman sportsman and moose-hunter, before engaging a guide but a man by the name of Glencross was so anxious his services should be accepted that Dr. Greene engaged him and the party at once proceded to make their prepartions to go to Bryant's Pond where they were to establish their camp.

Prior to starting the hunters received a visit from Captain Hill, who gave them a good many valuable hints, but expressed regret that they had engaged Glencross, who, he felt confident, would not call a moose, neither was he well rosted in their whereabouts, and he endeavored to pursuade the doctor to throw him over and come to Ship Harbor for a few days and start afresh from there with a trusty guide. Dr. Greene thanked him warmly for his interest, but informed him that he had already concluded the contract and must abide by it. So the next day saw the party on their way to Bryant's Pond. Here they re-mained three weeks in what they called "Home Camp" but not a moose did they see. At the end of that time the doctor told Glencross that he did not believe they should get a moose if they staid there and asked him if he was sure he could lead him to a good place. Glencross said that by tracking the moose from Bryant's Pond to Grand Lake through the wilderness he felt confident they could secure one. Accordingly Dr. Greene and Glencross bade good-bye to the rest of the party—the doctor's little son being left in camp, and proceeded alone through the forest. All that day they tramped, and up to eleven o'clock the next forenoon, when the doctor became confident that Glencross, the pretended guide, had lost his way. And now flashed across his brain the horrible idea that he was in the dense woods of a strange country, surrounded by swamps and morasses, with but little provision—for the guide had not taken half enough—and with an ignorant man as companion. He knew nothing of the locality on Grand Lake where the guide said they would find a boat, and when the guide said it was in an easterly direction and the doctor gave him the course by his pocket compass, it was not more than ten minutes before he was rambling due north or southeast. At night they bivouacked in the middle of a dense swamp, amidst a pouring rain, without any means of shelter. In the morning they pushed on and the doctor fearing that his so-called guide would give out would not touch a morsel of food but gave it to him.

Thus they struggled on for three days and nights, without a particle of food passing the doctor's lips, until, on the fourth afternoon the doctor could stagger no farther and sunk to the ground telling Glencross to go on without him and try and find a settlement. Glencross then pushed on alone, leaving the doctor wrapped in a wet blanket on a rock, and taking with him his revolver, pocket-compass, etc., thus leaving him a prey to wild animals, and alone with his God. What the doctor suffered none can tell who have never met with such an experience. He says he thought, as he laid there, how glad he was his boy was safe in the camp, and that his wife knew not of his sufferings, and he decided what he should do if worst came to worst. Cramps seized his vitals but he could do nothing to relieve them.

The next day two stout hunters, Miller and Hichler found him and carried him to Mooseland on Grand Lake. It seems that Glencross struck upon Mooseland by accident and had just strength left to rouse these hunters and send them to the rescue. Those noble men worked over him like a father. His condition was terrible. He had a sort of black vomit and his flesh resembled that of a man who had been two weeks in the water. After he had got over the worst of it he was conveyed to Bryant's Pond, where he met the rest of the party and thence he was taken to Capt. Hill's hospitable residence where every attention was shown him, and he had just returned sufficiently convalescent to attend to patients but still suffering from his terrible hardships and not yet able to wear his boots.

Henry Howard Brownell.

Henry Howard Brownell, a genuine poet and true-hearted American, died at his residence in East Hartford, Conn., Wednesday, aged 52. His was a rare and felicitous genius, which touched the zenith of its power during the climax of struggle for unity as a nation, and which is entitled to large recognition for its ample expression of the heroic phases of the war. Mr. Brownell was of a noble race. His father, Dr. Brownell of East Hartford, who died by an appolectic stroke while delivering a speech in 1841, was a gentleman of marked power. His wife, the mother of Henry and his well known brothers, was a DeWolf of R. I. She is a lady of rare and peculiar intellectual and moral gifts, and her sons share in her genius. They have lived a happy, retired life at the old homestead in East Hartford. Brownell's war lyrics, published in book form, especially the "Bay Fight," evinced such genius as to lead Dr. Holmes to pronounce him the laureate of the war.

Mr. Brownell had suffered for the past year with a cancer on one cheek, which had eaten into the bony structure of the face. Last March or April he submitted to a very severe surgical operation, in which the cancer and the carious bony part of the face was removed. But the relief was superficial, and the fatal termination of the case merely a matter of time. To the sufferer death had no trial. He had a clear insight and knowledge of the interior spiritual life awaiting him, and he welcomed it like the brave heart he always was, as an escape from suffering and a blessed change.

Of all the poets and poetic minds produced by the war, Mr. Brownell and Forsythe Wilson take the lead. Both surpassing genius, the pre-Raphaelitic fidelity, the lofty diction of these two noble writers have not yet won full recognition, but a grateful people will soon accord them full honor. Forsythe Wilson was almost Dantesque—as Mr. Emerson once said in a private conversation—in the vigor of his conception and the loftiness of his thought. Mr. Brownell had the dramatic power of Robert Browning in large degree, and a rare humanity which softened and rendered beautiful all the creations of his fancy, all the transcripts of his large and varied experience. He was a *genre* poet: he caught his inspiration directly from common things, and rendered them enduring and sublime in the spirited and picturesque forms in which he embodied them. As the war grew in dignity and scope, so grew his poems. He never annoyed the world with a too frequent enunciation of the "*quorum pars fui*," but it was evident that he always wrote of what he knew and of what he had seen. He wrote in strong, broad *American*; sometimes his language was not gracious, but it had meaning; even the monstrosities of the hero soldier bent into poetic form under his facile pen. The first collection of his poems met with varied and partizan criticism; but the general verdict was favorable. No better specimen of his ragged, rapid, trenchant verse can be given than the appended lines from the "Eagle of Corinth." There is the tramp of a battle-worn regiment in it.

"'Tis many a stormy day
Since out of the cold, bleak North,
Our Great War Eagle sallied forth
To sweep o'er battle and fray,
Many and many a day,
O'er charge and storm hath he wheeled,
For ay and fought'en field—
Tramp and volley and yell!
Over crimson trench and turf,
Over climbing clouds of surf,
Through tempest and cannon-rack,
Have his terrible pinions whistled;
(A thousand fields of battle!)
(A million leagues of foam!)
But our bird shall yet come back,
He shall soar to his eyrie home;
And his thunderous wings he furled
In the gaze of a gladdened world,
On the Nation's Loftiest Dome!"

Brownell was a man of fine heroic presence, and often recited his own poems with excellent dramatic effect on public occasions. As an old soldier of the Army and Navy of the Gulf, he appeared at the reunion of the Society of that name, at Newport, R. I., in October, 1871, and read a superb poem, in which he paid a touching tribute to the memory of Admiral Farragut. Poet of battle and storm, much striving of great genius, he has passed to his reward; and over him with fitness may be said his own strong and sweet lines:

"O Farr and Faithful! that sun by sun,
Slept on the field, or lost or won,
Children dear of the Holy One!
Rest in your wintry cold!
Rest;—your noble devoir is done,
Done—and forever! ours to-day
The dreary drift and the frozen clay
By trampling armies trod!
The smoky shroud of the War Simoom,
The maddened Crime at bay with her Doom,
And fighting it, clod by clod,
O Calm and Glory!—beyond the gloom,
Above the bayonet, bend and bloom
The lilies and palms of God."

Pluck.

Few virtues are more popular, more fascinating, and, unfortunately, more rare than pluck. I do not refer to the blind, spasmodic, feverish, impulsive manifestations that are usually classed under that head. I mean that steady, cool, quiet, invincible, and persistent quality, founded on neither ignorance nor miscalculation, spurred on neither by emulation nor conceit, following out, through clearly foreseen and well-appreciated dangers and difficulties, some purpose, be it good or bad, which is the fortunate heritage of some individuals. Pluck is, in fact, a physical courage; rather, the latter is but an element of it. It is, perhaps, best described as moral courage in relation to physical matters. No eminent man has retained the height he occupies without it; and no one who possesses it but has in him the most valuable element of a great man. The world pays to it its most heartfelt if not its loudest homage. There are few who cannot sympathize with it, for it is peculiar to no class in life; and, though always retaining its individuality, it accords just as well with the muscles of the prize fighter as with the transcendent genius of Napoleon. Either may exist without it; but then the Napoleon is a vulgar schemer, and the prize fighter a brute—and there are plenty of both. It is a virtue beneficent solely through the magnetism of its own intrinsic quality. In whatever cause displayed it is always a noble and ennobling trait. If exercised for good, so much the better; if not, it still remains pluck, and commands admiration. —*Julian Hawthorne.*

☞A little girl, daughter of a clergyman, being left one day to "tend door," and obeying a summons of the bell, found a gentleman on the steps who wished to see her father. "Father isn't in," said she, "but if it's anything about your soul, I can attend to you. I know the whole plan of salvation."

☞A Western traveller writes: "In passing through the burned districts in Wisconsin I never saw no shrubs or briers anywhere, a thing I never saw before, and would not believed it had I not seen it."

☞The sale of French papers is forbidden in Alsace and Lorraine.

Our Young Folks' Column.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

FIVE YEAR-OLD PERPLEXITIES.

Oh! Pity me, Dolly; for Dolly I've done
The worst thing that could be done under the sun,
Don't look at me Dolly, so smiling and glad,
When I am so dreadfully, *dreadfully* sad.

Dear Dolly, you know, we were 'bout to take tea,
I went for lump sugar, for you and for me,
I couldn't ask Mama, for she'd gone down town,
Nor Bridget, for see was then changing her gown.

I begged Aunt to give me a bit of sweet sauce,
But she said "No indeed!" and you know how cross;
I wonder if Auntie was ever like us!
For she said: "Run and play, and don't make a fuss."

So I climbed the first shelf, while up, on my feet,
And tasting of your lump, to see if 'twas sweet,
I reached up for mine, but the next thing I know,
Such hard bumps on my head, I'm glad 'twasn't you.

But, Dolly, I don't mind my fall, or the bumps,
And I didn't care then to pick up the lumps,
To tell it, to whisper it, most makes me choke,
But, listen—*The sugar-bowl fell down and broke!*

It seems as though, Dolly, this day had been years,
I've cried till your dress is all soaked with my tears;
You pity me Dolly, could you, you would cry,
Dolly! my Dolly! without you, I should die.

When anything's wrong, Mama says we must run
And tell the truth, Dolly, 'bout all that we've done;
Shouldn't I feel, Dolly, more glad than I do?
As soon as it happened, I came and told you.

Oh! Dear! I'm so sorry 'tis broken! but hark!
I hear carriage wheels! Mother's come! Though 'tis dark;
I'll find the way to her lap, and once in it,
I'll also, and tell her the whole in a minute.

C. W. S.

Turk's Island.

Deacon Ridgeby and his wife were in their sitting-room one morning—the deacon reading the newspaper to his wife, and she sewing. The following passage caught the deacon's eye;—

"Arrived. Brig J. M. W—— from Turk's Island, loaded with salt, etc."

"Turk's Island?" said Mrs. Ridgeby, pensively; "I used to know where that was, deacon."

"So did I, but I can't think now. Here's Miss Carter, she'll know."

Just then Miss Carter, a school-teacher of forty at least, entered the room, with a "Good morning, deacon."

"Where's Turk's Island, Miss Carter?" asked Mrs. Ridgeby.

"Turk's Islands, consisting of Grand Turk, Caicos, and Salt Key, are situated southeast of the Bahamas, and are a group of sandbanks, upon which nothing grows, and there are only three things in plenty."

"What's them?" asked the deacon.

"Sand, salt, and sun. I was there once."

"Was you? Now tell us all about it."

"All is not much. I was in Key West, waiting for a chance to get home, and an American vessel came along bound for Boston, *via* Turk's Islands, so I took passage in her. We had been at sea two or three days, when one morning at daylight the Captain called me on deck. The schooner was gliding along in very still water, close to a long, low, white sand-island. We were close under a lighthouse, and soon a town with its white houses and high piles of white salt began to appear. There was scarcely any vegetation on the island, only a few low shrubs, palms, etc.' which looked decidedly as though suffering from drought.

"We anchored in a little while, and at about nine o'clock Captain Jefferson wanted to know if I would like to land with him. I am of an inquisitive disposition, so I accepted his invitation, and we went skipping over the smooth water in a White Hall boat, looking down at the coral reef below us. The schooner and one or two other crafts lay in the offing swinging at their cables, and on shore we observed innumerable negroes passing back and forth.

"We landed on the white sand beach, and were lifted out of our boat and carried over the intervening strip of water to *terra firma* by negroes. It was intensely hot, and the glare was fearful. The town consists of a row of houses and cottages facing the sea: behind them the hovels of the negroes.

"The islands are a British possession, but most of the white inhabitants are Americans. We went directly to the Consulate, and the Consul offered to go round among the saltpans with me in the afternoon, and show me how the salt was made. In the meantime I went up and sat in the veranda with Mrs. H——, his wife, who was very kind. We had dinner about two, turtle-soup, roast pork, bananas, and mangoes. Everything that is eaten has to be imported.—even the table-salt, as that made on the island is coarse.

"After dinner Mr. H—— and I started to visite the salt-works. The pans are of all sizes and shapes, from the dimensions of an ordinary room up to quite a large pond. The water in them is about a foot deep, when first let in, but it has already been exposed to the burning sun for some days, in a large reservoir, into which it is received directly from the sea, so that when it flows into the pans it is already very briny. It has to stay only a few days in the pans, so powerful is the sun, before it is evaporated and the salt left, when this is raked up into heaps and carried to the shore. The water changes to the most lovely shades of a red and pink during the evaporation.

"When a vessel arrives, the person to whom she is consigned has his salt-boats filled and ready to put off as soon as she anchors. The anchorage is at the west side of the island; so, as the trade-wind predominates there, the salt-boats are able to sail off to the ship. The water too is very smooth, as the land breaks the force of the winds, so that they can load the boats very deep indeed—in fact, by the time the boat gets to the vessel, the water is swashing over her gunwale amidships. This makes no difference till the boat comes alongside, when the swash from the vessel's side begins to fill the boat and the darkeys throw out the bags (each contained half a bushel!) with great haste, to keep from sinking. One boat really did sink, after most of the bags had been thrown overboard to save her, and then such a noise and chattering as there was among the darkeys! After a while one dove down and tied a rope to the boat, by which she was pulled up, with two great holes in her bottom. All the next day there were small boats all around us, with darkeys fishing for bags.

"The unloading of the boats is very interesting. There are usually three unloading at once—at the main, at the booby, and forward hatches. While the vessel is high out of water there are platforms hung half-way down her side, and two negroes get on each, two remain in the boat, two stand at the bulwarks, and two at the hatch. The two in the boat catch up two bags and toss them to the two on the platforms, who turn round and fling them to those at the bulwarks, who pull a little string which unties the bag, and toss it to those at the hatch who empty its contents down the hole.

"The rapidity with which this is done is astonishing. When the boats are unloaded, the wind then being contrary, the negroes row back to the shore, standing up facing the bows. Their dress is very picturesque. They have white drawers, coming about to the knee, white or red shirts, and white caps; salt-bags being often substituted for the latter, tied round the head and leaving the crown bare.

"We stayed there three days, and then sailed for Boston, arriving in thirteen days."

"Why was the islands called *Turk's Islands?*" inquired Mrs. Ridgeby.

"The only plant which flourishes on them is a round cactus, which when in bloom is supposed to look like a Turk's head with a turban on; hence the name."

"Now, Miss Carter, you must tell us about Teneriffe some day," said the deacon.

"I will," she replied: and if she does, I'll tell the "Young Folks" what she says.

Kite-flying by the Chinese.

The Virginia City (Nevada) *Enterprise* of June 14, says: The Chinese yesterday opened their kite-flying season by sending up some of their æolian or musical kites. These kites being strung with catgut, gave out a musical sound which can be heard to the distance of half a mile. They have kites resembling hawks and eagles, cylindrical kites, kites with and without tails, and in fact every imaginable kind of kites; and the amount of comfort they take in flying them is astonishing to "outside barbarians." A withered old man, who would seem to have no thought but of "filthy lucre" requisite to keep him alive, will sit for hours holding his kite-string and maneuvering his kite, as happy as a school boy. The Chinese have a passion for flying kites, and in some places it becomes a regular nuisance, as in San Francisco, where at times so many of the musical kites are in the air that the noise made by them becomes almost unendurable. The Chinaman is content to sit in some shady nook and watch his kite as it soars and sings aloft carrying with it the written prayer which he generally sends up to be carried away by the messenger of the gods. Don't you want one of these kites boys?

☞A lad accosted an aged Senator thus: "Are you a member of the Legislature?" The Senator, looking down from an eminence of six feet three, replied, "Yes, my son; what can I do for you?" "Why," said the urchin, "I want to be a messenger; I'm eight years old and have never yet had an office." That boy has evidently mastered the science of politics.

☞"Would you take the last cent a person has for a glass of soda-water?" asked a Kankakee youth. "Yes," responded the unthinking proprietor; whereupon hopeful pulled out the cent and got the drink.

☞A colored girl in San Francisco, has sued the principal of a grammar school for refusing to admit her as a pupil.

BOOK, CARD

—AND—

JOB PRINTING.

EXECUTED A